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JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

BY MAX O'RELL AND JACK ALLYN.

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Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. He has become widely known as the author of "JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND," "JOHN BULL, JR.," Etc. This book is his latest production, the material for it being gathered during his recent visit to America.

CHAPTER I.

The population of America is sixty millions—mostly colonels.

If the earth is small, America is large, and the Americans are immense!

Yes, sixty millions!—all alive and kicking!

From east to west, America stretches over a breadth of more than 3,000 miles. Here it is well to put some readers on their guard, in case an American should one day put to them one of his favorite questions: "Where is the center of America?" I myself imagined that, starting from New York and pushing westward, one would reach the extremity of America on arriving at San Francisco. Not so, and here Jonathan has you. He knows you are going to answer wrongly, and if you want to please him, you must let yourself be caught in this little trap, because it will give him such satisfaction to put you right. At San Francisco, it appears you are not quite half way, and the center of America is really in the Pacific ocean. Jonathan more than doubled the width of his continent in 1867, when for the sum of $7,000,000 he purchased Alaska of the Russians.

In America, everything is on an immense scale: the just pride of the citizens of the Young Republic is fed by the grandeur of its rivers, mountains, deserts, cataracts, its suspension bridges, its huge cities, etc.

Jonathan passes his life in admiration of all that is American. He cannot get over it.

I have been through part of the country, and I cannot get over it either. I am out of breath, turned topsy-turvy. It is pure conjuring, it is Robert Houdin over again—occasionally perhaps Robert Macaire too—but let us not anticipate. Give me time to recover my breath, and set my ideas in order. The Americans are rocking with unheard-of-ness, I can tell you that to begin with. My ideas are all jostling in my poor old European brain. There is no longer anything impossible, and the fairy tales are child's play compared to what one may see every day. Everything is prodigious, done by steam, by electricity: it is dazzling, and I no longer wonder that the Americans only use their adjectives in the superlative.

As an illustration of what I advance, here is a letter that I received from an American, in the month of May, 1887, and which finally decided me to go and see America. It is dated from Boston:

"DEAR SIR—I was on the point of taking the boat at 12 today, to go and have a talk with you about an idea which occurred to me yesterday; but as I have already been across three times, and in a month or six weeks shall have to set out for St. Petersburg and Japan, I am desirous, if possible, of arranging the matter I have at heart by correspondence. * * *

"Good heaven!" I exclaimed, "this is a man I must make the acquaintance of; I must go and see Jonathan at home one of these days."

And as soon as circumstances allowed, I packed my trunks, took a cabin on board one of the brave "White Star" liners, and set out to see Jonathan and his continent.

CHAPTER II.

When a man of average intelligence returns home after having made a voyage to a foreign land, he cannot help having formed a certain number of impressions, and he has a right to communicate them to his friends. They are but impressions, notes taken by the wayside, and, if there is an error committed by any one, it is by the critic or the reader, when either of these looks for a perfect picture of the manners and institutions of the people the author has visited, instead of simple impressions de voyage. Certainly, if there is a country in the world that it would be impossible to judge in six months, that country is America, and the author who, in such a little space of time, allowed himself to fall into the error of sitting in judgment upon her would write himself down an ass. To form a really exact idea of America one would need to live twenty years in the country, nay, to be an American, for I may add that, in my opinion, the best books that exist upon the different countries of the world have been written by natives of those countries. Never has an author written of the English like Thackeray; never have the Scotch been painted with such fidelity as by Ramsay; and to describe Tartarin it needed not only a Frenchman but a Provencal, almost a Tarasconnais.

It must be allowed that Jonathan has good reason to mistrust his critics. Most books on America have been written by Englishmen. Now the English are, of all people, those who can the least easily get rid of their prejudices in speaking of America. They are obliged to admit that the Americans have made their way pretty well since they have been their own masters; but John Bull has always a rankling remembrance, when he looks at America, of the day that the Americans sent him about his business, and his look seems to say to Jonathan: "Yes, yes, you have not done at all badly—for you, but just think what the country would have been by this time if it had remained in my hands."

The Englishman, on his side, has no antipathy whatever to the Americans. For that matter the Englishman has no antipathy for any one. He despises, but he does not hate, a fact which is irritating to the last degree to the objects of his attention. When a man feels that he has some worth, he likes to be loved or hated; to be treated with indifference is galling. John Bull looks on the American as a parvenu, and smiles with incredulity when you say that American society is not only brilliant and witty, but quite as polished as the best European society.

It is this haughty disdain which exasperates Americans.

Jonathan has forgotten that the English were once his oppressors; he forgives them for the war of 1812; without forgetting it, he forgives them for having, during the civil war, aided with the slave owners; but he cannot forgive an Englishman for coming to his dinner table in a tweed suit.

CHAPTER III.

A nation, scarcely more than a hundred years old, and composed of many widely different elements, cannot, in the nature of things, possess very marked characteristic traits.

There are Americans in plenty, but the American does not yet exist.

The inhabitant of the northeast states, the Yankee, differs as much from the western man and the southerner as the Englishman differs from the German or the Spaniard.

For example, call a Yankee "a cad," and he will get out of the room, remarking: "You say so, sir, but that proves nothing." Call a Pennsylvania man "a cad" and he will get out of temper and knock you down. Call a real westerner "a cad" and he will get out his revolver and shoot you dead on the spot.

Should a minister indulge in unorthodox theories in the pulpit, the eastern man will content himself with shaking his head, and going to another church to perform his devotions the Sunday after. The Pennsylvanian will open a violent polemic in the newspapers of the locality. The Kansas man will wait for the minister at the church door and give him a sound thrashing.

On board the steamer we had five Americans who passed the eight days of the voyage in playing poker. The smoking room rang from morning to night with the oaths that they uttered every time they laid a card on the table. They were so fluent with them that they hardly used the same twice in an hour. Their stock seemed inexhaustible. On Sunday after breakfast a young lady sat down to the piano, and began playing hymns. What happened then? Our five poker players gathered round the lady and, for two hours, sang psalms and holy hymns to the edification of the other occupants of the saloon.

I was dumfounded.

In France we have men who swear, and men who sing hymns. The Anglo-Saxon race alone can furnish men who do both with equal gusto.

In what other country than America could such an anecdote as the following be told? It is the most typically American anecdote I heard in the United States. It came from Mr. Chauncey Depew, it is said. But, for that matter, when a good story goes the round of the states, it is always put down to Mr. Depew, Mark Twain, or the late Artemus Ward.

A new minister had been appointed to a little Kentucky town. No sooner had he taken possession of his cure than he set about ornamenting the church with stained glass windows of gorgeous hues. This process long aroused the suspicions of several parishioners, who imagined that their new pastor was inclined to lead them to Rome. A meeting was called, and it was decided to send a deputation to the minister to ask him to explain his conduct, and beg him to have the offending windows removed.

The head of the deputation was an old man of Presbyterian proclivities, whose austerity was well known in the town. He opened fire by addressing the reverend gentleman thus:

"We have waited upon you, sir, to beg that you will remove those painted windows from our church as soon as possible. We are simple folks, God's own light is good enough for us, and we don't want to have it shut out by all those images"——

The worthy man had prepared a fine harangue, and I was going to give the minister the benefit of it all; but the latter, losing patience, thus interrupted him:

"Excuse me, you seem to be taking high ground; who are you, may I ask?"

"Who am I?" repeated the good old spokesman. "I'm a meek and humble follower of Jesus, that's what I am, and, —— d——n you, who are you?"

Without traveling very far, without even quitting the eastern coast of America, you will see a complete difference in the spirit of towns that are almost neighbors.

In New York, for instance—I am not speaking now of the literary society, of which I shall speak later—in New York, it is your money that will open all doors to you; in Boston, it is your learning; in Philadelphia and Virginia, it is your genealogy. Therefore, if you wish to be a success, parade your dollars in New York, your talents in Boston, and your ancestors in Philadelphia and Richmond.

Scarcely has a foreigner set foot in the United States before they ask him what he thinks of the country. Nine persons out of every ten you speak to put these three questions to you:

(1) "Is this your first visit to America?"
(2) "How long have you been over?"
(3) "How do you like our country?"

There are even some who push curiosity further, and do not wait until you have arrived to ask for your opinion on America.

I had only just embarked on board the Germanic, at Liverpool, when the purser handed me a letter from New York. I opened it and read:

"DEAR SIR—Could you, during your voyage, write me an article on the United States? I should be happy to have your preconceived notions of America and the Americans, so as to publish them in my journal as soon as you arrive."

An Englishman or a Frenchman will never ask you what you think of England or France. The Frenchman does not doubt that his country is beyond competition. If he enter into the subject at all, it is to congratulate the stranger upon coming to visit it.

The Englishman is perfectly persuaded that his England is the first country in the world and that everybody admits it, and the idea of asking an outsider for his opinion of it would never enter his head. He would think it so ridiculous, so amusing, so grotesque, that any one should tell him England was not at the head of all nations, that he would not take the trouble to resent it. He would pity the person, and the matter would go no further.

CHAPTER IV.

The American men are generally thin. Their faces glow with intelligence and energy, and in this mainly consists their handsomeness. The features are bony, the forehead straight, the nose sharp and often pinched looking in its thinness. At times one seems to recognize in the faces something of the Indian type, the temples indented, the cheek bones prominent, the eyes small, keen and deep set.

As for the women, I do not hesitate to say that in the east, in New York especially, they might perfectly well be taken for French women. It is the same type, the same gait, the same vivacity, the same petulance, the same amplitude of proportions.

The beauty of the American women, like that of the men, is due much more to the animation of the face than to form or coloring. The average of good looks is very high, indeed. I do not remember to have seen one hopelessly plain woman during my six months' ramble through the states.

American women generally enjoy that second youth which nature bestows also on numbers of French women. At 40 they bloom out into a more majestic beauty. The eyes retain their fire and luster, the skin does not wrinkle, the hands, neck and arms remain firm and white. It is true that in America hair turns gray early, but, so far from detracting from the woman's charms, it gives her an air of distinction, and is often positively an attraction.

The New Yorkers and Bostonians will have it to be that Chicago women have enormous feet and hands. I was willing to believe this up to the day I went to Chicago. I found the Chicago women, and those of the west generally, pretty, with more color than their eastern sisters, only, as a rule, quite slight, not to say thin.

That which is lacking in the pretty American faces of the east is color and freshness. The complexion is pale, and it is only their plumpness which comes to their rescue after 30 and prevents them from looking faded. Those who remain thin generally fade quickly; the complexion becomes the color of whity brown paper, and wrinkles freely.

If American women went in for more out door exercise; if they let the outer air penetrate constantly into their rooms, if they gave up living in hothouses, they would have some color, and their beauty need perhaps fear no competition in Europe.

CHAPTER V.

Jonathan admires all that glitters, even that which is not gold. In his eyes the success of a thing answers for its quality, and the charlatanism that succeeds is superior to the merit that vegetates. The dollar is not only the unit of the monetary system; it is also the unit of the metrical system.

I was chatting one day with an American about the famous Col. Robert Ingersoll.

"He is your greatest orator, I am told," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "Ingersoll can fill the Metropolitan opera house any day, and have five thousand dollars in the house."

Certainly that is a curious way to speak of a great orator, a great writer and a great thinker.

I need not say that I am now speaking of the average American, not the litterateur or the man of good society.

It would be quite possible for an actress to attract large audiences all through a tour from New York to San Francisco, not because of incontestable talent, but because she traveled in a magnificent palace car of her own.

I saw, in an American paper, the appearance of Miss Minnie Palmer spoken of in the following terms:

"Minnie Palmer will wear all her diamonds in the third act."

The booking office was besieged all day, and, in the evening, money was refused. An amusing detail was the arrival of a good fourth of the audience at 10 o'clock, to see the diamonds in the third act.

CHAPTER VI.

Man has been perpetuated to expiate the transgression of his first parent by hard labor. Jonathan is a proof of it. He labors, he toils, and the sweat of his brow crystallizes upon the arms and neck of his beloved womankind in the form of diamonds.

To the American woman the diamond is not an object of luxury, it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without diamonds.

If good style consists in not doing what the vulgar do, good style in America ought to consist for one thing in wearing no diamonds—unless democracy should demand this sign of equality.

When you see diamonds in the ears of shop girls and factory girls, they are sham gems bought with well earned money, or real ones bought with badly earned money.

Love of woman, innate in the American, is not enough in itself to explain the luxury that man lavishes on her in the United States. America is not the only country where man is devoted to woman and ready to satisfy all her caprices. The Frenchman is as keenly alive to her influence as the American, if not more.

The luxury of the American women must be explained in another way.

Money is easily earned in the United States, and is freely spent. Business savors more of gambling than of commerce in the proper sense of the word.

Jonathan, then, is in a position much like that of a man whom I saw give a hundred franc note to a beggar one day in the streets of Monte Carlo. "If I win at trente-et-quarante," said he to some one who asked him how he could do such a foolish thing, "what are a hundred francs to me! I can afford to be generous to a poor fellow creature out of it; if I lose, it is so much that the croupiers will not get." When Jonathan covers his wife with diamonds, he says to himself, "If I win, I can indulge my wife without inconveniencing myself; if I lose, it is so much saved from the fray."

This is not all.

If the American thirsts after money, it is not for the love of money, as a rule, but for the love of that which money can buy. In other words, avarice is a vice almost unknown in America. Jonathan does not amass gold for the pleasure of adding pile to pile and counting it. He pursues wealth to improve his position in life and to surround those dependent upon him with advantages and luxuries. He spends his money as gayly as he pockets it, especially when it is a question of gratifying his wife or daughters, who are the objects of his most assiduous attention. He is the first to admit that their love for diamonds is as absurd as it is costly, but he is good humored, and says: "Since they like them, why should they not have them?"

CHAPTER VII.

The large cities do not constitute the real America. To gain a correct idea of the country one must go and see those hundreds—I had almost said those thousands—of flourishing little towns which spring up day by day on that immense continent.

It is no use looking in New York for monuments in the sense which we attach to the word in Europe. There are massive buildings, a few handsome churches, but nothing which arrests your gaze. The houses in the best part of the city are built of brown stone in the English style. In the populous quarters many are of red brick, with green shutters on the outside.

The streets are horribly ill paved. From my windows, which looked on Madison square, the carriages appear to rise and fall as if on a troubled sea. Drunkards have had to drop their habits; they could not reach home from the beer saloons.

Three fine squares alone break the monotony of all these parallelograms of streets: Washington square, Union square and Madison square.

That which strikes the visitor to New York is not the city itself, but the feverish activity which reigns there.

Overhead is a network of telegraph and telephone wires, on the ground a network of tram car rails. It is estimated that there are more than 12,000 miles of telegraphic wires suspended over the heads of the passers by, about enough to go half round the world.

The whistles of the boats that ply between New York and Brooklyn on the East river, and between New York and Jersey City on the Hudson, keep up, day and night (until 1 in the morning), a noise which is like the roar of wild beasts. It is the cry of Matter under the yoke of Man. You fancy you are living in a menagerie.

In almost every street tram cars pass every few minutes. It is an incessant procession. In Broadway alone there are more than three hundred. The cars, as they are always called in America, are magical, like everything American. Built to carry twenty-four persons inside (there are no seats on the top), they are made to hold sixty and more. In fact, no matter how full they are, there is always room for one more. The conductor never refuses to let you go on board. You hang on the rail beside the driver or conductor, if it is not possible to squeeze yourself inside and hold on to the leather straps provided for the purpose: you gasp for breath; it is all you can do to get at your pocket to extract the five cents which you owe to the car company; but the conductor cries, in his imperturbable nasal drawl: "Move forward, make room."

In Third avenue and Sixth avenue, you find the overhead railway called the "Elevated." It is supported on iron pillars, and the trains run along on the level with the upper windows of the houses. This company carries every day the fabulous number of 500,000 passengers.

All the existing means of transit are acknowledged to be insufficient, and an underground railway is talked of. There will soon be travelers underground, on the ground, and in the air. Poor Hercules, where are you with your "Ne plus ultra?" You had reckoned without your Yankee.

The streets, ill paved and dirty, are dangerous in winter. Coachmen do not check their horses for foot passengers, but neither do they try to run over them. They strike the middle course between the London coachman, who avoids them, and the Parisian one, who aims at them.

The populous quarters, such as the Chinese quarter, the Italian quarter, the Jewish quarter, with their tenement houses, those barracks of the poor which I visited one day in company with a sanitary engineer, remind one of some of Dante's descriptions: it is a descent, or rather an ascent, into hell. I spare the reader the impressions which that day left upon me. Horrible! A populace composed of the refuse-scourings of all nations, the dirtiest, roughest one can imagine.

Hard by this frightful squalor, Fifth avenue, with its palaces full of the riches of the earth. It is the eternal story of large cities.

As in London, hundreds of churches and taverns (called beer saloons), it is the same ignoble Anglo-Saxon mixture of Bible and beer, of spiritual and spirituous.

New York is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world. To give an idea of it, I may tell you that there are newspapers published there in English, French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, Hungarian, Chinese and Hebrew.

I received one day a circular of a meeting of the "Knights of Labor." It was printed in six different languages.

Nothing is more diverting than to hear the dwellers of each great American town criticise the dwellers in the others. All these societies, each almost in its infancy as yet, are jealous one of another. At Boston, for instance, you will be told that the Chicago people are all pig stickers and pork packers. In Chicago, you will hear that Boston is composed of nothing but prigs and "precieuses ridicules."

The English spoken in Boston is purer than any to be heard elsewhere in the north. The voices are less harsh and nasal, the language ceases to be "vurry, vurry Amurracan." If you think yourself in England as you walk along the streets, the illusion becomes complete when you hear the well bred people speak.

All the anecdotes told in America on the subject of Boston are satires upon the presumptuous character of the Bostonian, who considers Boston the center of the universe.

Here is one out of the many hundreds I have heard.

A Boston man has lost his wife. As soon as telephonic communication is established between that city and Paradise, he rings and cries:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" from the other end.

"Is that you, Artemisia?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, my love, and how do you like it up there?"

"Oh, it is very nice, of course—but it isn't Boston."

Washington is the sole American city which has monuments that can strike the European with admiration for their beauty. The Capitol, the government buildings, the museums, built in the midst of handsome gardens, all arrest the eye of the visitor.

The Capitol, 751 feet long, built of white marble, with a superb dome and majestic flights of steps, is one of the grandest, most imposing looking edifices in the world. The souvenirs attached to it and the treasures which it contains render it dear to the Americans; it is a monument which recalls to their minds the glories of the past, and keeps alight the flame of patriotism.

A general, who served through the great civil war, told me he had seen strong men, soldiers brought up in remote states, sit down and weep with strong emotion at seeing the Capitol for the first time.

Washington is wholly given over to politics. When congress is not sitting, it is dead; when congress is sitting, it is delirious.

Little or no commerce is done.

Philadelphia, formerly the capital of the United States, is a city of eight or nine hundred thousand inhabitants, and is built, like New York, in parallelograms. Its town hall is, next to the Capitol at Washington, the finest edifice in America. I do not know anything to compare to its splendid park, unless it be the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. The alleys of this park, if put together, would cover about sixty miles in length. Soon after New York or the busy western cities, Philadelphia strikes one as slow, even monotonous—except on the Clover club annual banquet evening.

This Quaker city of quiet streets and sober people is, however, full of all kinds of manufactories.

On the shores of Lake Michigan there stood a town, built of wood, and peopled by some hundred thousand inhabitants. This was called Chicago.

On the evening of Oct. 8, 1871, a cow that an old woman was milking in a barn kicked over a lamp and set fire to the structure. The flames spread, and on the morrow of that terrible night the whole city was level with the ground. The Chicago people of today show, as a curiosity to the visiter, the only wooden house which escaped the flames.

At the present time this city, the living and gigantic emblem of the phœnix, stands rebuilt in hewn stone, and holding 800,000 inhabitants.

Such is America.

In less than twenty years Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis will be so many Chicagos. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville will rival her in five.

Chicago is, in my eyes, the very type of the American city, the most striking example of what Jonathan calls "go-aheadism."

The streets are twice as wide as the Parisian boulevards; the houses of business are eight, ten and twelve stories high. Michigan avenue is seven miles long; the numbers of the houses run up to 3,000 and something. The city has parks, lovely drives by the lake shore, statues, including a splendid one of Abraham Lincoln, public buildings imposing in their massiveness, fine theatres and churches, luxurious clubs, hotels inside which four good sized Parisian ones could dance a quadrille, etc., etc.

Michigan avenue and Prairie avenue are extremely handsome. Picture to yourself the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, prolonged for seven miles in a straight line, and imagine the effect, the beautiful vista, when this is lit up at night, or when the trees, with which both these grand roads are planted, are in all their fresh spring beauty.

In these avenues, American eccentricity has been allowed free play. The houses are built in all imaginable styles of architecture: some of them are Florentine, some English, others Moorish, others a mixture of all three; others again look like Greek temples, whilst here and there you come across what looks like a little Gothic church, and close alongside mediæval castles in miniature, or imitation mosques; some have the look of villas in the Paris suburbs, some have been modeled upon Swiss chalets, others upon the residence of some pasha on the borders of the Bosphorus. There are styles for all tastes.

The American may be eccentric, or what you will, but he is never monotonous.

Enter one of these houses, and you will see handsome furniture, not only rich, but in good taste.

I was not astonished to find Chicago society genial, polished and well read. Riches beget the taste for literature and arts; perhaps one day it will beget the taste for simplicity.

You find here still more warmth and much less constraint than in the east. You feel that you have quit the realms of New England Puritanism. No frigidity here; people give free play to their sentiments. If I had to name the most sympathetic of my American audiences, the warmest and promptest to seize the significance of a look or gesture, I should name the one which I had the honor of addressing in Chicago.

At 7 in the morning every man is astir and at work, whether he be millionaire or poor clerk. Only the idle are outside the pale of respectability in Chicago.

I do not think it is possible for a European to imagine the activity which reigns in Chicago without seeing it.

"You will soon be inventing," I said to a resident, "a machine that will take a live rabbit at one end and turn out a chimney pot hat at the other."

"We have done something very like it already," he replied.

And next morning he took me to see the famous pig killing and pork packing premises of Philip Armour & Co.

Picture to yourself a series of rooms connecting. In the first, 5,000 pigs a day are killed; in the second, they are scraped as they come out of a caldron of boiling water; in the third, the heads are cut off; and so on, and so on. The process is somewhat sickening, and I will not enter into any more details. At the end of the establishment the poor pigs are presented to you under the forms of bacon, sausage, gelatine, etc. The various processes take place with all the rapidity of conjuring.

CHAPTER VIII.

American houses are furnished very luxuriously, and for the most part with exquisite taste. Here you see the influence of woman in the smallest details of life; indeed, at every step you take, you see that woman has passed that way.

The luxury displayed at receptions, dinners and dances surpasses European imagination. At a ball given in New York in the month of February, 1888, the walls were covered with roses, which did not cost less than $10,000. When one considers that the supper, and everything else, was on the same scale, it becomes doubtful whether such luxury is to be admired. I was present one evening at a dinner given in the large dining hall at Delmonico's restaurant, in New York. We were eighty-seven guests at an immense round table. The center of the board was covered with a gigantic star of flowers: roses, arum lilies, and heliotrope. At that season, lilies were worth a dollar each, and all through the winter the price of roses was from a quarter to two dollars apiece, according to kind. The Americans at this feast estimated the star of flowers at six or seven thousand dollars.

At a dinner party given recently at Delmonico's, I heard that each menu had a chain attached, consisting of pearls and diamonds, and valued at $1,000.

In houses, in clubs, in offices one cannot help admiring the ingenious forethought, the the wonderful care with which the smallest wants and the slightest conveniences of life have been studied, it seems as if there were nothing left to desire.

It is impossible, however, in speaking of American interiors, to pass over in silence a certain eyesore, which meets your sight at every turn.

The most indispensable, it appears, the most conspicuous at any rate, piece of furniture in America is the spittoon. All rooms are provided with this object of prime necessity, you find one beside your seat in the trains, under your table in the restaurants, impossible to escape the sight of the ugly utensil. In the hotel corridors there is a spittoon standing sentinel outside every door. In public buildings the floors are dotted with them, and they form the line all up the stairs.

The Americans, used to these targets from the tenderest age, are marvelously adroit at the use of them, they never miss their aim. I saw some really striking feats of marksmanship, but perhaps the best of all at the Capitol, in Washington.

The supreme court of judicature was sitting. As I entered an advocate was launching thunders of eloquence. All at once he stopped, looked at a spittoon which stood two yards off, aimed at it, and Kerrron—craaahk—ptui right in the bull's eye, then on he went with his harangue. I looked to see the seven judges and the public applaud and cry bravo! Not a murmur, the incident passed completely unnoticed. Probably there was not a man in the hall who could not say to himself: "There's nothing in that, I could do as much."

CHAPTER IX.

A word about American aristocracy to begin with.

What, American aristocracy?

Yes, certainly.

I assure you that there exists in America social sanctuaries into which it is more difficult to penetrate than into the most exclusive mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain or of Mayfair and Belgravia.

There are in Philadelphia: in Beacon street, Boston; in Washington square (north side), New York; in Virginia; in Canal street (right side), New Orleans, Americans who look upon common mortals with much more pity and contempt than the Montmorencys of France or the Howards of England.

The Americans, not having any king to give them titles of nobility, have created an aristocracy for themselves. This aristocracy boasts as yet no dukes, marquises, earls, or barons, but the blue blood is there, it appears—Dutch blood as a rule—and that is sufficient.

When a European nobleman arrives in the States, the American aristocracy leave cards upon him at the hotel where he has alighted. He may perhaps be personally known to none; but all nobilities are kindred everywhere, it is an act of international courtesy, as it were. The European nobleman, who often goes to America for a dowered wife, is much obliged to them, and returns all the visits paid him.

A New York lady, who is quite an authority upon such matters, told me one day that society in New York was composed of only four hundred persons. Outside this company of elect, all Philistines.

Money or celebrity may allow you to enter into this charmed circle, but you will never belong to it. You will be in it, but not of it. The lady in question entered also into very minute details on the subject of what she called the difference between "society people" and "people in society;" but, in spite of all her explanations, I confess I did not seize the delicate nuances she tried to convey. All I clearly understood was that the aristocracy of birth exists in America, not only in the brains of those who form part of it, but also in the eyes of their compatriots.

The desire to establish an aristocracy of some sort was bound to haunt the breast of the Americans; it was the only thing that their dollars seemed unable to procure them.

The second aristocracy is the aristocracy of money, plutocracy. To belong to this it is not sufficient to be a millionaire—you must, I am told, belong to a third generation of millionaires. Of such are the Astors, the Vanderbilts and company. Three quarters of "nobility" are the necessary fee of this little world. The first generation makes the millions, the second generation is persecuted, the third is arrived. In the eyes of these people to have from thirty or forty to fifty thousand dollars a year is to be in decent poverty. To have two or three hundred thousand dollars a year is to be in easy circumstances.

The third aristocracy is the aristocracy of talent, literary and artistic society. This third aristocracy is incontestably the first, if you will excuse the Hibernianism.

I do not think that one could find anywhere, or even imagine, a society more refined, more affable, more hospitable, more witty or more brilliant. I should like just here to indulge in a string of adjectives after the fashion of Mme. de Sevigne.

One of the consequences of the position which woman takes in the United States is, that in good American drawing rooms conversation is never dull.

"If I were queen," exclaimed Mme. Recamier one day, "I would command Mme. de Stael to talk to me all day long." One would like to be able to give the same order to plenty of American women. In their company conversation never flags and always remains within the domain of causerie; they glide lightly from one subject to another, extracting something fresh from each, pass from the serious to the gay, even to the frivolous without becoming commonplace, soar again to lofty heights, but do not disdain to come down to gossip for a minute or two; all this without a grain of affectation, but with a charm of naturalness that is delightfully winning.

French women are the only ones I know who can compare with the American lady in charm of conversation, and even then I am obliged to admit two things: that the American women of intellectual society are often more natural than their French rivals, and that they make less effort to charm. In a word, with them you are amiable without having to be gallant, and none of those stereotyped compliments, which so often spoil the charm of a conversation between a man and a woman, are expected of you.

The Americans, and that in every station of life, have almost always three names: one Christian name and two family ones: George Washington Smith, Benjamin Franklin Jones, William Tell Brown. I should not have been astonished to make the acquaintance of a Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Robinson. The celebrities do not escape it any more than the rest: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, etc., etc. Can one not see in these double names a title which the father thinks he confers on his child at the baptismal font?

All new societies have the same weaknesses. On the morrow of the Revolution, did we not call our children Epaminondas, Leonidas, Darius, Napoleon, etc.?

Every American with the least self respect is colonel or judge.

Few escape it, as Mark Twain once remarked of the decorations of the Legion of Honor. We are quits, Mark. America has a hundred times as many colonels as we have knights of the Legion of Honor.

When you are presented to a gentleman, in an American drawing room, and you have unfortunately not caught his name, there is no need to try and repair the evil; call him "Colonel," nine times out of ten it is safe; if luck should be against you, call him "Judge," and you are pretty sure to be right.

If, however, pursued by the fates, you should discover that your interlocutor is neither colonel nor judge, you have another resource; call him "Professor," and you are out of the difficulty; an American always professes something, an art, a religion, and you are risking nothing.

I met a few American colonels who had recently been promoted "misters." They were so proud of their new title that they insisted on being addressed thus.

(To be Continued.)

—Some 500 names were placed in the wheel by the Jury Commissioners on Thursday of last week, which will be sufficient for the several courts of the current year. Those intended for the March term will be drawn out at January court, which commences on Monday, the 28th inst.

INTERRUPTED.

"Ah, Genevieve, have you divined,
That as this silken skein you wind,
You wind around my heart as well,
The thread of love's entangling spell?
Those smooth, soft hands, so dainty white—"
"I wash them morning, noon and night,
As you do yours, young man, I hope,
In lather made of IVORY SOAP."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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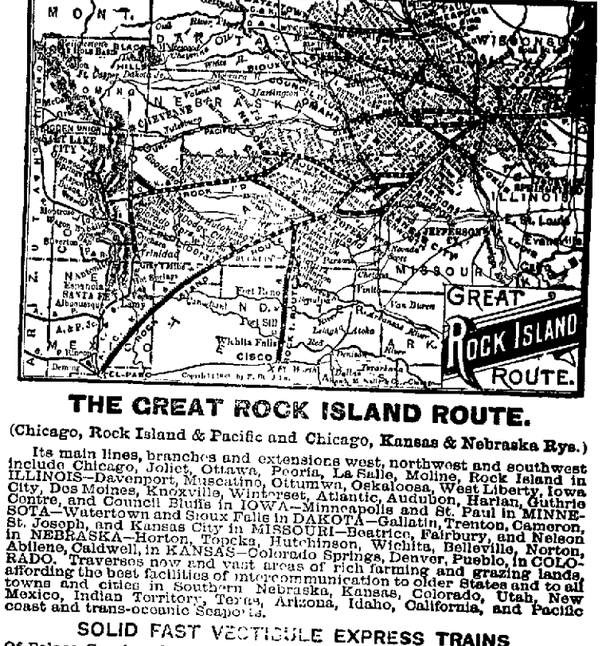
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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Its main lines, branches and extensions west, northwest and southwest include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Knoxville, Winterset, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre, and Council Bluffs in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls in DAKOTA—Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City in MISSOURI—Beatrice, Fairbury, and Nelson in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norton, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses now and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to older States and to all towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Texas, Arizona, Idaho, California, and Pacific coast and trans-oceanic Seaports.

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Of Palace Coaches—leading all competitors in splendor of equipment and luxury of accommodations—run through daily between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICE daily between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and between Chicago and Kansas City. Elegant Day Coaches, Dining Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (FREE), and Palace Sleeping Cars. California Excursions daily. Choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and intervening localities. Quick time, prompt connections and transfers in Union Depots.

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Runs superbly equipped Express Trains daily each way between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The Favorite Tourist Line to the scenic resorts, and and fishing grounds of the Northwest. Its Watertown Branch courses through the most productive lands of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Southern Dakota.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

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E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

LIVING FOR THE STOMACH.

A Little Lecture to Those Who Crave and Have Rich Things to Eat.

Ah! you live for your stomach do you? I certainly pity the person who lives for no loftier purpose than eating and drinking. Upon second thought you conclude that your confession should have been taken with a grain of allowance. There does creep over you now and then a conviction that you live for something besides your stomach's sake. Very good. You are on the road to happiness. I knew a man once who often amused his hearers by putting some queer phrases into his prayers. He would pray that the nerve tissues of his stomach might be made more enduring, his taste more keenly enjoyable, and that his appetite might be tempted with the fat of the land, in order that he (the earthly fellow) might live many, many more years and take comfort as he went along. That man was eternally having coldsores upon his lips, and if the gout has not overtaken him by this time I have lost my guess. Why coldsores and gout? you ask.

Right, my fellow sufferer, ask all the questions you care to. Why do you so often get all stuffed up with a "cold," so called, about which you go prancing over the neighborhood, asking everybody if, in the name of common sense, they can tell you how or where you "caught it?" You get it by eating. Hard thing to believe, isn't it? Rich food, fats and highly seasoned viands have done the business for you. The body is a queer machine. It gets clogged, and when it can hold out no longer it revolts. The brief warfare which follows, the wheezing, the aching bones and running nostrils are simply evidences of nature's efforts to recover her equilibrium. Then how vain of you to dose yourself with drugs, instead of giving the Great Healer time to cure you!

This is my theory: The system needs certain nourishments and requires them regularly. Uncautiously you have given it too much. Here slips in a curious trick of nature. A morbid craving for food a little richer seizes you—a sort of dull longing for something, you know not what. Nature's mission is to try you and see what kind of metal you are made of. Now follow me closely. That longing comes straight from your carnal soul though you have dignified it with the name of hunger. It is nothing more than an undue excitement of the nerves of the stomach. To the cook book you fly and con it over to find something tempting. Merely wholesome foods have failed to fill the bill. But, my friend, had you the correct understanding you would pass that craving by and wait.

Nature is as ready to join with you in a little self discipline as she was to put the obstacle in your way. A slight tiff of self denial will do wonders sometimes. Self denial! Certainly; why not? You shout with vehemence that virtues of that order have long since become unpopular from disuse. What a brazen imposition would be a table without enough dainties to match the silver and china! So, "if you please, Mrs. Blank, I would like you to have prepared a little brandy sauce for the pudding today. I abominate food without something in it to tempt a fellow's palate." So off flies the cook at your peremptory bidding, lest she may have done something to forfeit her position, and sends you up—really, she puts before you a dish which the daintiest epicure can dote upon. Such, you say, is life. It is not life; it is death. There, you have dropped your knife and fork in dismay that I should say a thing so terrible. These are facts, my friends. —Frank Dexter in Boston Globe.

Force Wasted by Nature.

It has been estimated that an average of five feet of water falls annually over the whole earth. Suppose that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000,000 horse power constantly exerted. Of this great energy a very small part is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fraction is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.—New York Telegram.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1889.

A SURGICAL LOVE CURE.

IS NOT PHRENOLOGY MORE THAN A BARREN THEORY?

A Strange Case Recorded in the Note Book of Dr. Sands—An Infatuation Extracted Through a Hole in the Skull—A Remarkable Operation.

Dr. Henry E. Sands, who died recently in New York, was recognized as at the head and front of his profession in America.

It was Dr. Sands' practice to keep a careful and minute record of the details of every surgical case he undertook. On the occasion of his funeral I had occasion to look through this tome, which had not then been removed from his desk. I was struck at the time by the number of peculiar cases and the originality of his methods of treatment.

Upon one page Dr. Sands states that he disbelieved in phrenology. His statement was coupled with the relation of a surgical case which put his unbelief to a severe test.

He was sitting in his office one evening when a man of military appearance was ushered in and introduced himself as Charles Markham, a sculptor. He was about 35 years of age, with a well formed figure.

He had a pale, intellectual and rather sensuous face, and moved with an air of vitality and force that gave the impression of a strong and vigorous manhood. The stranger proceeded at once to business.

"Do you believe in phrenology?" he inquired.

The doctor replied that while he believed, of course, that the brain was the organ of the mind, yet he did not see any scientific foundation for the allotment of certain functions to any particular spot in the brain.

"I had hoped, sir," responded Markham, "that you were a follower of Gall and Spurzheim and, like these eminent physicians, a believer in the noble science of phrenology, because then you would not hesitate to give me relief. I am suffering from love, and the passion consumes me hourly.

THE SCULPTOR'S AILMENT.

"A woman who is divinely fair, with the graces of an angel, has taught me to love her, and what would make most men happy has made me truly miserable, indeed.

"Years ago I registered a solemn vow never to marry. I have never met any one to make me wish that such a vow was not made, until this lovely vision crossed my pathway.

"I cannot, I dare not break my vow. I should despise myself forever if I should break it.

"While my lips shape the words 'I hate you,' concerning my idol, I hear a voice inside hissing, 'You lie! You lie!'

"Then I feel that I am mad. My heart is on fire!

"My lips yearn for the lingering kiss of perfect love. My arms grope out as if to seek opportunity to become entwined around the matchless form of my queen.

"Every second is torture. I must be free from this consuming passion.

"Cure me of this horrible fancy, doctor, and you will make me the happiest man on earth, while I will make you rich. I will give all I possess for a cure for love."

Dr. Sands was inclined to be amused at this strange recital, which he regarded as the expression of a disordered mind, but the visitor was too much in earnest to be ridiculed.

He tested Markham in various ways until he became certain of his sanity and then frankly said that he knew of no treatment that would fit his case.

Mr. Markham became furious with rage at this suggestion and told Dr. Sands that there was a way in which he thought he could be relieved of his burden. Phrenology taught it, he said.

According to his idea, amativeness, the organ of love, is situated at the base of the brain in the back head, on each side of the occipital protuberance. When the passion is at its full height this part of the brain is overcharged with blood, and man then becomes the slave of woman and has an intense yearning to be near and caress her.

Having stated this as his theory, which he supported by citations from the phrenological theorists, he bluntly asked Dr. Sands to undertake an operation for his relief.

Dr. Sands replied that surgery was his business, and that he would perform any operation requested of him except only such as were of a criminal nature. Neither would he perform an operation against his judgment by which life would be endangered. But he saw no reason why he might not meet Markham's wishes. The sculptor was told to call next day.

THE OPERATION AND ITS RESULT.

Promptly at the appointed hour Mr. Markham presented himself at Dr. Sands' private hospital for the operation. He smiled as he stretched himself out on the operating table, and was soon under the influence of ether.

The hair was cut off the back of the patient's head. Two V shaped incisions and flaps were made at the base of the skull, where phrenologists locate the organ of amativeness.

The smallest trephine known in surgery, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, was then used to bore two holes through the skull, exposing the brain, which was in a highly inflamed condition.

The brain was not punctured, but a leech was placed at each orifice for a short time, and a quantity of blood thus removed. The wound was then dressed antiseptically and closed with sutures.

Mr. Markham came out of the influence of the ether in good shape. After several hours had elapsed he was permitted to talk, and pronounced the operation entirely successful, as the thought of the woman he had loved brought no more feeling than he had for other women.

He remained under the charge of Dr. Sands for three weeks, and during this time was entirely free from disturbing sentiments. The fires of love, he said, were quenched, and he was supremely happy.

Dr. Sands saw him from time to time after he left, and made notes of the interviews. Mr. Markham did not remain in that serene frame of mind which followed the operation, as the intense love of which he complained came back to him at intervals, suddenly and with terrible power.

But he had the antidote ever at hand, and leeches applied over the holes in his skull soon restored his equanimity and removed every amorous thought.

These flashes of love become weaker and weaker as the treatment was persisted in, and the last record in the note book of Dr. Sands shows that the cure was perfect and the patient healthy.

This was the pertinent inquiry in a foot note at the bottom of the recital of the case by Dr. Sands: "Is not phrenology more than a barren theory?"—New York Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Altogether Too Much So.

She had married a handsome man. She was warned against him. All her young lady friends told her he was a flirt and gave her a full account of what he had said to them and how they could have had him if they wanted, but they would not think of confiding the happiness of their lives to such a flirt. She was perverse and they were wedded. A few months elapsed, and she came to visit one of her prophet friends one day. "And are you happy?" the friend asked. "No, I'm not." "Well, dear, I'm sure I warned you, but I do hope you won't get a divorce." "Well, I don't know. If this goes on"—— "Now, don't be foolish. Men are always a little inconsistent, you know, and the best husband will go off and leave his wife occasionally and not explain"—— "Explain! Go off and leave his wife! I wish he would. He's so devoted that he won't go out of my sight long enough for me to burn my old love letters."—San Francisco Chronicle.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Short and Long Courtships.

Daisy Dandelion, Essex, Ct., is perplexed over the question of short and long courtships, and wants our advice. Well, Daisy, it is hard to make a rule to fit every case, but in general we will say that long courtships are not advisable. Many women, pale, haggard, wan and wasted from long continued uterine ailments, are forced to banish all thoughts of marriage. Such unfortunate sufferers should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, "bearing-down sensations," chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the fall and winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00 Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

—The Supreme Court has reversed the Court of Quarter Sessions of Wayne county, which held that, as cider was not "intoxicating," no indictment would lie for its sale without license. Mr. Justice Clark holds that the question whether it was intoxicating was not the test, but whether it was within any one of the four classes of liquor known as "malt, brewed, vinous and spiritous." Cider being admittedly neither malt nor brewed liquor, he said, a jury must determine whether it is within the class of vinous or spiritous, for which a license must be obtained. The case was sent back to Warren county for a new trial.

*SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE—Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial size free. At all Druggists.'

SYRUP OF FIGS—Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

*Cause and effect are inseparable; and to nullify any effect the cause must be removed, particularly in disease. Laxador always works radically, and at once neutralizes the effect of disease by eradicating the cause. Price only 25 cents a package.

Of course take your children to the country, if you can, but don't forget Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, that indispensable help in every emergency. Costs only 25 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

—The Bucks county members of the Pennsylvania Legislature have been assigned to the following standing committees of the House: Mr. Hindenach on Accounts, Education, Elections, Geological Survey, and Labor and Industry; Mr. Willet on Centennial Affairs, Counties and Townships, Pensions and Gratuities and Railroads; Mr. Robbins on Federal Relations, Manufactures and Public Buildings.

—There is trouble about the boundary line between Lehigh and Northampton counties which has recently been re surveyed, because this survey shows that a part of Catasaqua which since the incorporation of that borough has been supposed to belong to Lehigh, in reality belongs to Northampton. The commission has so declared it, but the Lehigh people are endervoring to overthrow the report of the commission.

"WE POINT WITH PRIDE" to the "Good name at home" won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood, try Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its peculiar curative power.

This age presents the greatest boon,
Salvation Oil; it cures so soon.

When Christmas came with its good cheer, its fun, and its merry-making, we used to deprecate its colds, but that was long ago, before the days of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Now it is very different. A new era has dawned on us, and great and small, little and tall, merry men all, are happy.

—J. F. Sheaffer, a distiller and liquor dealer in Lancaster, was arrested on Monday on twelve charges of violating the internal revenue laws. His store and bonded warehouse were seized.

—Letters addressed to the Louisiana Lottery Company are sent to Washington and then returned to the writers.

—Miss Mary Williamson will erect an elegant residence at Fallsington next year.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

VALUE OF A GOOD MEMORY.

Men Who Never Forget a Tale or Fact. Wonderful Memorizing.

Phil Armour, the great Chicago pork packer, is said to have remarked that a good memory is necessary to one who wishes to succeed. There is no lack of evidence to support the statement. Armour himself is an example of what a good memory can do.

He is as wonderful in his line as Cardinal Mezzofanti was in his. He is said to carry the smallest detail of his immense business in his head. He can remember the date as well as of small business transactions. He knows the names of pretty nearly all of his army of employes. After the building of the addition to his great establishment in Chicago he astonished a circle of friends by rattling off hand the number of bricks, car loads of sand, feet of timber, etc., that were used in the construction. Armour's gift is a natural one. He has never cultivated it, but the demands of his business have unquestionably kept his powers of memory in active training.

"Old Hutch," as the imperturbable Chicago wheat manipulator is called, is another man gifted with an extraordinary memory. He needs no books to carry his transactions in, although, of course, he uses them. With him, too, retentiveness is a natural gift. He remembers everything that he wants to remember, but says frankly he doesn't know how he does it. He also possesses the gift of not remembering things he does not wish to remember. But then that gift is not rare.

The professional memory men say that among public men and speakers for good all around retentiveness James G. Blaine leads all the rest, for he can not only remember dates, figures and authorities when debating, but in addition he has a faculty for remembering names and faces that is little short of the marvelous, and many are the stories told of his exploits in this line.

In the domain of figures Samuel J. Randall, when well, stood almost pre-eminent. His long service on those committees in congress that controlled the finances of the nation gave him an immense knowledge of such matters, which he retained without an effort. It was no uncommon thing for him to make long speeches without using notes. He juggled figures running at one time into millions of dollars and then into fractions of a cent without tripping as most men, however able, would have done. It was the same faculty that made Gladstone so successful a chancellor of the English exchequer.

Roscoe Conkling was a man of wonderful memory. Whether dealing in figures in legal argument or quoting from the early English poets, he called forth, seemingly without effort and without previous thought, the right thing at the right time.

Congressman Sam Cox has also a remarkable memory, especially for things literary, and this has stood him in good stead in debate in congress, for his opponents never know when the genial jester is not about to double them up with something from Shakespeare, the Koran, Burns, the Bible or some old hymn book. It is to his memory alone it is due, and of course his wise study, that he is able to do this in a running impromptu debate.

Among actors a retentive memory, or a "good study," is, of course, important. But it is not so necessary now in the time of combination, when the same company plays the same piece for a season. In the old days of stock companies it was common to present a farce, a comedy and a tragedy all in one night, and to change the bill nightly. A good memory was an absolute necessity. No actor can succeed without it, for it was no uncommon thing for a play to be put on at a few hours' notice. Lester Wallack, in his recollections of the stage, attributes much of his success to the fact that he possessed a remarkable memory.

Edwin Forrest was a wonder in his prime. He would read over a page of a book and at once recite it off hand. He did it frequently for amusement as well as practice. In his later years he lost this faculty to some extent.

The elder Booth studied everything and remembered everything that he studied. The only language that he was unable to conquer was Russian. The great actor did learn French well enough to play in the French tragedy "Oreski," in New Orleans some time in 1851, and to do it in French, too.—Philadelphia Times.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr Pursell's Drug Store.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

—Miss Drexel, who is worth $3,000,000, got $250,000, worth of wedding presents.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

STILL AHEAD!

BLOOMSBURG, THE GROCERYMAN.

—DEALER IN—

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, SHELF GOODS OF ALL KINDS, CANNED AND BOTTLED, VEGETABLES, FRUITS, MEATS, ETC., ALSO BY THE BASKET, PECK, HALF-PECK QUART, POUND AND ½ POUND.

REMEMBER THE PLACE, Corner of Wood and Dorrance Streets, Bristol, Pa.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 28, 1889.

This is for you, madame; about your Dresses. How many of them fit just right? Have you one dress that sets exactly as you wish? Isn't there a draw or a wrinkle-spot or a hunch-up place in the best of them? Doesn't it pinch a little here and slouch a little there?

Of course it does. Needn't. Heard that before? Very likely; but we prove it.

There's no guesswork about the fit of a waist that comes from the Pollock Garment Fitting Frames. Can't be.

A cuirass of flexible metal tapes does the business. Being adjustable in all its parts by a series of hooks and eyelets, it is fitted perfectly to the form, removed in sections, laid flat upon the material to be cut, a pencil sketch is made, a few snips of the scissors, and the garment is ready to put together. No shearing and shaving to "make it fit." Science touches a secret spring in dress-making and the lines of beauty fall into place.

Throat curves carried out; shoulder slopes not marred by straight unyielding seams: darts that defy straining or stiffness in outline; sleeve that might serve to mould the arm of a Venus, easy in any position—sharp elbows especially invited.

The only perfect waist measurement system we ever knew—and invented by a man!

Think of the time lost in trying to be fitted; add the plague of the almost certain misfit; take note of the cost of ruined material, ruined nerves, and ruined hopes.

Then hail the deliverer.

You are asking "what will all this perfection cost?" Absurdly little.

$1 for waist and sleeves lining perfectly fitted and basted ready to put on.

$2 for waist and sleeves lining and cloth basted together, but you must furnish the cloth.

The paper pattern and the wasted stuff by the common way would about balance this cost.

The wind whipping the spray from the crests of high running billows, is the metaphor for the early sales of rare Ginghams. The new styles for this year are the song and laughter of color. Some, many "flew like the down of a thistle" soon as opened, and are still flying. But the glory is not all to the Scotch. Yankee "me too." Massachusetts Gingham in plenty, delicate as "Summer evening's latest sigh." To enjoy the rare day in June, when it comes. buy and prepare now. Let no hurry then disturb the peace of glorious Summer.

There are styles by the hundreds. Mostly novelties. 20 to 60 cents.

Dress Robes $4 to $10 each! Rich stuffs for panels and trimmings, and strong, handsome plain weaves to combine. Yard cost would be double or more.

We hear of Women's $6 shoes reduced to $4, and other like doings about town. Do you gulp such stories down without looking into them? It isn't safe, if you care to save money. We were shown a pair of $4 from $6 Shoes recently that came from not a thousand miles away. We hadn't a regular $4 shoe in stock that was not better made, of better stuff, and better finished. You can be extravagant in Shoes as easy as in anything else you wear.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMMOR COMLY, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

CAROLINE S. COMLY,
REBECCA B. COMLY,
CAROLINE C. HAINES,
ELIZABETH H. COMLY HOWELL,
Executrices.
or
A. WEIR GILKESON, their Attorney.

In the Orphans' Court of Bucks County.

Estate of PETER R. JULESS, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That upon the petition of Ellen Ann Juless, the widow of the said decedent, the said Court has appointed appraisers under the third section of the act of June fourth, 1883, to appraise and set aside any property of the said decedent, selected by the said widow, and that the said 'appraisment will be presented to the said Court and filed therein on Monday, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1889.

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Attorney for Ellen Ann Juless.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Joshua Peirce, that the inventory and appraisement of the goods and chattels excepted from assignment for creditors, and retained by Joshua Peirce as exempt from execution under the laws of Pennsylvania, is now on file in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County, and that if no cause be shown to the contrary the said Court will, on MONDAY, the 25th day of FEBRUARY, A. D. 1889, make an order that the said goods and chattels be released from the assigned estate and handed to the assignor.

B. F. GILKESON,
Attorney for Joshua Peirce.

SURF ECHOES.

I lay upon the moonlight sand
Lulled by the mighty threnody
Thrummed on the keyboard of the strand
By ghostly fingers of the sea.

I gazed into the cloudless night,
Beyond the near and barren star
That gives the world divinest light,
Out, out where viewless planets are.

A weird dream flitted o'er my soul—
Sublimer music filled my ears;
I heard Titanic-breakers roll
On shores of undiscovered spheres.

—S. A. Wood.

GREENWALD'S CASE.

He Is the Convicted Murderer of Lyman S. Weeks.

A STRANGE STORY OF CRIME.

It Is Here Set Concisely Forth, and the Question, Interesting, No Doubt, to Most People, "How Is a Murderer Caught?" Is Answered in Detail.

How is a murderer caught?

Underneath the stream of city life which rushes along exposed to the clear light of the sun and the healthful influence of publicity, there is a sluggish undercurrent of crime. Honest people who float along on the top of this stream know little of the uncanny creatures that lurk beneath. Some of these creatures rise to the surface sometimes and get caught. Then another crime is chronicled by the press.

Then there are fishermen—detectives fitted by nature and training for catching these wicked fish. Some of them are landed with a hook and line and some with nets.

The fishermen bring up some strange fish.

The manner of catching them differs. It depends upon the kind of fish, the state of the water and the fisherman; but the process is always interesting. Take the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, who was put to death in Brooklyn nearly two years ago, as an illustration.

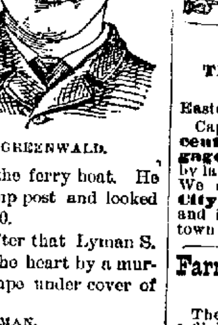
Here we have Inspector Byrnes, New York's famous detective, as the fisherman, the sluggish undercurrent of iniquity running through the Bowery, New York, as the fishing ground, and one Greenwald as the fish. The story of the crime was published at the time, but it has long since been forgotten by most people. The murderer was convicted in New York the other day on his second trial. At the first trial he was sentenced, but the conviction was set aside by the court of appeals. Greenwald—stays aside—will be put to death on March 12, just two years, lacking three days, after the murder was committed.

Now let us see how the fish was caught.

FIRST ACT IN THE TRAGEDY.

On the night of March 15, 1887, Mr. Adolph B. Chamberlain, a respectable citizen of Gotham, went over to Brooklyn to call on some friends. While he was sitting in the smoking room of a ferry boat his attention was attracted to two disreputable looking men who sat opposite. One of the men was scraping his feet on the floor, which was covered with sand. The man couldn't keep still, and Mr. Chamberlain's placid temperament was perturbed by the noise.

He wished the man would stop and then he examined the two men more closely. He made up his mind that he would remember those two faces.



GREENWALD.

Mr. Chamberlain paid his call and was returning home through a quiet street when he noticed two figures loitering near a lamp post. The men tried to avoid his glance, but he eyed them sharply.

Mr. Chamberlain was an observant man. He recognized his two evil looking companions of the ferry boat. He passed on to the next lamp post and looked at his watch. It was 11:40.

Just twenty minutes after that Lyman S. Weeks was shot through the heart by a murderer, who made his escape under cover of the night.

THE FISHERMAN.

Inspector Byrnes took up the case after it had baffled the Brooklyn detectives. The following brief statement of the murder, condensed from a daily paper, was all that the inspector had to work on:

At midnight on the night of March 15 a burglar entered the house of Lyman S. Weeks, a clerk, who lives at 1071 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, and attempted to rifle the house. He had hardly got to work when Mr. Weeks was awakened by the noise and went down stairs to find out what caused the disturbance. When he got to the foot of the stairs he saw the form of a man in the adjoining room, and before Mr. Weeks could speak or call for assistance the burglar leveled a pistol at him and fired. The ball entered Mr. Weeks' left breast and penetrated the heart, causing instant death. The burglar, after seeing what he had done, ran away.

After reflecting on the case the inspector arrived at the following conclusions:

1. The fish belongs to a lower order of the fish tribe. He would not, if he had been a skillful creature, gifted with brains, risk the chances of twenty years in jail for the sake of breaking into a poor clerk's house and abstracting a few dollars.
2. The fish is a cowardly creature. He would not, if he had been plucky, have risked killing a man. He was cornered, and his first thought of safety was to shoot.
3. The fish belongs to a school
4. He has probably been engaged in nibbling at some other bait. [Note.—Look up other robberies which have taken place recently in the vicinity.]
5. The undercurrent of iniquity in the Bowery is probably a likely place for him to be located with others of his species. [Note.—Send some fishermen along the banks of the Bowery stream.]

On arriving at these conclusions the inspector detailed eight men to fish for the murderer. Six of them he sent to different streams of crime around New York and Brooklyn; two of them he detailed to fish in the Bowery. These two men soon located a school of suspicious fish who had been nibbling in Brooklyn. They located four of them, found out that they had committed a robbery in Williamsburg and landed them in jail. Then Mr. Chamberlain, the first witness in the case, opportunely turned up, identified two of them as the men he had seen on the ferry boat first, and afterward near Weeks' house. Then it developed that Greenwald, one of the men, had disposed of a pistol and a coat in Brooklyn the day after the murder. Then one of Greenwald's fellow fish gave him away. And thus gradually a complete chain of evidence that Greenwald had fired the shot that went through the heart of Lyman S. Weeks was clearly established. And thus it happens that on the 12th of March the said Greenwald will depart this mortal life by hanging by the neck until he is dead, dead, dead.

This is the way some wicked fish are landed.

"Should a girl return all presents in case the engagement is declared off?" asks The Philadelphia News. She certainly should. The feller wants them for the next girl.

A respectable man went to the cars one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat, he passed out of the cars and went round to her window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change, he hurriedly put his face up to the window and said: "One more kiss, sweet pet!" In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the pious injunction: "Scat, you gray headed wretch!" He scatted.—Yarmouth Times.

Miscellaneous

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York City.

READ THIS!

Upper Lehigh

—AND—

Lattimer

COAL

Of all sizes and best qualities.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT,

$2.00 Cart-load.

C. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Near the Rolling Mill.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

THE KEYSTONE MORTGAGE CO.
OF ABERDEEN, DAKOTA.

Eastern Office, 1328 Chestnut St. Philada., Pa Capital **$250,000.** Offer guaranteed, **7 per cent. Semi-Annual Real Estate Mortgages at Par.** These mortgages are secured by lands worth three to six times their amount. We offer choice investments in **Aberdeen City Property.** Aberdeen is a city of 6,000, and is growing more rapidly than any other town in Dakota. Address for full particulars.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, Pa., Nov. 6, 1888.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT., payable on demand, clear of all taxes.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK
Cloth & Gold Binding
144 Pages, with Steel Engraving,
MAILED FREE.
Address, P. O. Box 1810, N. Y.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants.	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO. 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

HOW IT PAYS TO INSURE.

BASED ON ACTUAL RESULTS—1889.

Annual Premium for $3,000, age 33 ..... $ 97.14
Total paid 20 years (life insured meanwhile) 1,948 80
1. Cash value paid end of 20 years 3,054.00
2. Paid up policy end of 20 years 6,690.00
3. Profits payable end of 20 years 1,547.55
and policy continued in force (paid up) for 3,000.00

Write for fuller explanation, giving your age.

I. L. REGISTER, Financial Agent,

Equitable Life Assurance Society
(Drexel Building)
5th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

SPECTACLES,

EYE GLASSES, ETC.

Of the best quality carefully adjusted and fitted by skilled assistants, to suit the various defects of vision.

All the latest improvements, cork bridges and nose pieces.

DAIRY THERMOMETERS,

Incubator Thermometers,

Thermometers of all kinds. Catalogues on application.

W. M. M'ALLISTER,

OPTICIAN.

At the old stand, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY this winter. We want some more reliable men to sell our nursery stock; guaranteed first-class, true to name as ordered, and delivered in good, healthy condition. SALARY AND EXPENSES, (or commission if preferred). Apply, (stating age) to

H. W. FOSTER & CO.,
Geneva, N. Y.

Bristol Advertisements

SHOES! SHOES!

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

A large stock of Gents', Boys', Youth's, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Fall and Winter Shoes. I have taken great pains to select the best styles and quality, at lowest prices.

Gents' Shoes.

A good serviceable shoe, Lace, Button or Congress, for $2.00.
A fine Calf Shoe, Lace or Congress, $2.50, 3.00, 3.50, and 4.00
Extra fine calf hand sewed Common Sense, $5.00
Policemen's Shoes $2.50.

Boys' Shoes.

Boys' stylish calf shoes Lace and Button, sizes 2½ to 5½, $1.55, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00.

Youths' Shoes.

Youths' Calf, Lace or Button, sizes 11 to 2—$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.25.

Ladies' Shoes.

Ladies' Fine Kid, round or common sense toe, worked button holes, $1.75 and 2.00.
Old Ladies' Kid Lace shoes $2.00 and 2.50.
Oil Pebble Button shoes, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50
Best Dongola Kid, round, square and common sense toe, $3.25 and 3.50
Finest Paris Kid, hand-sewed, $4.00 and 5.00
Handsome straight grain foxed, Kangaroo top, hand-sewed, $5.00.
Genuine cork sole and water-proof lining, hand-sewed, $5.50.
A splendid line of French Calf, Button and Lace, $6.00 and 7.00.

Misses' Shoes.

Misses' Pebble Shoes, heel and springs, sizes 11 to 2, $1.25.
Misses' Fine Kid, high cut heels and springs, $1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.
Misses' Calf foxed shoes, wedge heels, $2.50
Misses' straight grain shoes, heels and springs, $2.50.
Misses' fine high cut Lace, $2.00.

Children's Shoes.

Child's Kid and Pebble, heels or springs, sizes 8 to 10½, worked button-holes, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 1.75.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, $2.00.
Child's Calf foxed, spring heels, $2.00.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, $1.50.
Child's Kid and Pebble, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, 75c, 90c, $1.00 1.25 and 1.50.
Infants' Shoes, 50c., 75c., 1.00 and 1.25.

MEN'S BOOTS—$2.50, 3.00 and 3.50.
RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES—Measures taken.

Remember we have no old stock. Call and see for yourself, at

T. A. FARLEY'S,
No. 3, Bath Street, Bristol.

To the Citizens of Bristol—

HAVING OPENED A

Stove & Tin Store,

COR. MILL AND POND STS.,

You will find there all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods,

—INCLUDING—

TINWARE of all kinds, Dairy-ware, Agate-ware.

Tin Roofing and Spouting

Promptly attended to, and executed in the neatest manner, with the best materials.

Plumbing and Gas Pipe Fitting

In all its branches. All kinds of repair work, pertaining to Heaters, Stoves, Wash Paves, Tinware, etc., at short notice.
Water and Steam Pipes repaired.
Milk Cans made to order.
Estimates cheerfully furnished to contractors, at

LIPPINCOTT'S.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE.

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints.

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

R. BUSEMAN,

BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY

AND ICE CREAM SALOON,

Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.

Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.

HOGUET'S

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Pioneer Drug Store!

Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1841.)
By the present proprietor.

A large stock of first class

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist

DeWitt Brothers.

Buy where you can get the most for your money.

We respectfully invite EVERYBODY who purchase

Flowers

To examine our STOCK and PRICES, then look elsewhere, and buy where you can get the best Plants for the least money. All kinds of Fresh Vegetables in their season.

The best selections can be made at

DeWITT BROTHERS'
Green Houses,
POND STREET, BRISTOL.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,

No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.

Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Miscellaneous

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

PHILADELPHIA.

$1.—ONE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR—$1.

A Pure and Purposeful Home Paper.

A NEWS PAPER,

With every modern facility for obtaining the latest news. Perfectly equipped in mail, telegraph, telephone and cable service. Correspondents, local, national and foreign. Special dispatches from all important points.

A REPUBLICAN PAPER,

Whose trained editors present the varying phases of politics with such clearness and fairness as to give practical aid to all voters.

AN HISTORICAL PAPER.

Which devotes a generous attention to the hitherto unpublished events of the great civil war. These war papers, written by Union and Confederate officers who saw what they tell, form an invaluable war library.

A LITERARY PAPER,

Giving every week the brightest and best selections from recent poetry, and entertaining beautiful stories by eminent writers.

A FARMERS' PAPER,

Having the best conducted agricultural page in America, where are gathered the views of progressive farmers and gardeners the country over, upon all questions of crops, fruit, cattle, poultry, farm buildings, etc.

A MERCHANT'S PAPER,

Giving full reports from the Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and other city markets. Prices and shipments of grain, live stock, provisions, groceries and country produce.

A WOMAN'S PAPER,

Extending a helping hand to all women. To them is devoted a full page in which they show each other, under editorial guidance, "how to get married, and how to keep house," in the most approved fashion. For those who are forced to remain single and board, the way is made pleasant. Every woman reader has a chance to talk.

A CHILDREN'S PAPER,

With Winter games and entertainment for little people. Instruction in the ways of making things and doing things. Summer excursions to the fields and woods. Puzzles for the quick witted, and plenty of prizes to make the slow-witted quick.

Important Clubbing Arrangement

By special arrangement with all the leading weekly and monthly periodicals of America subscriptions are taken for any one or more of these journals in connection with the WEEKLY PRESS at such low rates as virtually makes our great family paper FREE to the subscriber for one year.

Sample copies furnished free upon application.

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EVERYTHING

IN CONNECTION WITH

Real Estate.

A. Weir Gilkeson,

Attorney at Law.

BRISTOL, PA.

SECRETARY OF THE

Bristol, Fidelity,

AND

UNION BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Real Estate Rented and Sold,

Mortgages Negotiated.

Surveying,

Fire Insurance.

An Ordinance

TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF THE WESTERLY SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, AND TO CURB AND PAVE THE SIDEWALKS, AND TO FIX AND PAVE THE GUTTERS UPON SAID SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET.

The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville do ordain: That after the passage of this ordinance, the grade of the curb on the westerly side of Washington street shall be as follows:

SECTION 1. Commencing on the northwest corner of Washington and Moreau streets, and running southerly, crossing Moreau street to southwest curb corner on a level; thence falling 4 inches to 100 feet for the distance of 400 feet—thence falling for the distance of 86 feet and 6 inches to intersect with curb on northwest corner of Green and Washington streets. Commencing at the northwest corner of Washington and Moreau streets, running northerly, and falling 4 inches to the 100 feet, the distance of 500 feet—thence falling 30 inches and 21-100 of an inch to the 100 feet, the distance of 210 feet, more or less, to the south rail of the Pennsylvania Railroad track.

SEC. 2. The sidewalks on the westerly side of Washington street shall be curbed with stone not less than four inches thick and sixteen inches deep, and shall be paved with flagging or brick, not less than six feet and six inches (6 6) from the street-line outwards toward the curb, and shall have a falling grade of one half inch to the foot, from said street line. The gutters shall be eight inches deep from the top of the curb, and shall be paved not less than thirty inches in width, and shall be done with a brick placed edgeways, or a flat gutter-stone not less than twelve inches in width next to the curb, and the remainder with cobble-stone not less than four inches in diameter and all curbing and paving shall be done to the satisfaction of the Street Committee.

SEC. 3. All owners of property on the westerly side of Washington street are hereby required to pave and curb the sidewalks and pave the gutters in front of and along their premises, in accordance with the foregoing section of this ordinance, the same to be done at the option of each property owner, or when the present pavement is worn out.

SEC. 4. If any owner or owners of property on the said westerly side of Washington street shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of this ordinance, it shall be the duty of the Street Committee to proceed to have the sidewalks and gutters in front of and along the premises of the property-owner or owners so neglecting or refusing, curbed and paved according to the provisions of this ordinance; and the said Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville will therefor proceed to collect the cost thereof, with twenty per cent. advance thereon, according to the provisions of the Act of Assembly, in such cases made and provided.

SEC. 5. All ordinances or parts of ordinances in any way or manner conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber in the Borough of Morrisville, this Thirteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

WM. G. HOWELL,
President of Council.

Approved this 13th day of December, A. D., 1888.

WM. G. HOWELL, Burgess.

Attest—ISAAC PARSONS, Clerk.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS

CABINETS $2 PER DOZ.

Chandler & Scheetz,

828 ARCH ST.,
1433 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

ALMA THE LEADING CANADIAN COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT. **FOR YOUNG WOMEN.**

Nearly **200 STUDENTS** last year. **17 Graduates** and Certificated **Teachers** in Faculty. Graduating Courses with **Certificates** and **Diplomas** in **Literature, Music, Fine Arts, Elocution and Commercial Science.**

McLACHLIN HALL. The elegant new addition, costing $20,000, now open.

Thorough work. Low Rates. Good Board. 60 pp. Announcement FREE. ADDRESS:

PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.,

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1889.

BRISTOL'S INSTITUTIONS

Bristol, for a town of her size, has a large number of business organizations, and social, secret and beneficial societies. They are all, as far as we are able to learn, in a flourishing condition. The list that follows is as near correct as it was possible to obtain it, and gives the name, date of organization, officials, officers and directors of each

BRISTOL BOROUGH

Incorporated 1720—Council—Burgess Wm H Grundy, President, F Fenimore, Treasurer, James Wright, Secretary, J Wesley Wright, Eli Warner, John C Brown. Members from First Ward—Francis Fenimore A K Joyce, James Wright Samuel Sterling Second Ward—George A Shoemaker Charles Brudon John M Callahan, Wm R Bailey. Third Ward—Henry Rue, John Timm, J T Riley, Samuel Black

BRISTOL BOROUGH SCHOOL DISTRICT

Organized 1854—President, John K. Wildman, Secretary, Byram C Foster Treasurer, Edward H Foster Directors, 1st Ward—William H. Booz H G Peters, B. C Foster 2d Ward—J. K Wildman, Edward H Foster, Jesse O. Thomas 3d Ward—Robert Holt, William Little, John K Young, Superintendent, Miss Matilda L Bass

FARMERS' NATIONAL BANK OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Incorporated 1814—Capital $93,600—President, Preston Mitchell, Cashier, Charles E Scott Directors—Preston Mitchell, L. A. Hoguet, J. P. Agnew, M D, John Burton, Anthony Swain, Edward Thomas, Elwood Burton, Benjamin J Taylor

BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

Incorporated 1876.—Capital $233,000—President, Wm H Grundy, Secretary, Charles E Scheide, Treasurer, Wm V Leech Directors—Wm H Grundy, Elwood Burton, John Burton, Charles E Scheide, Francis Fenimore

BRISTOL GAS-LIGHT COMPANY.

Incorporated 1856—President, Anthony Swain, Secretary and Treasurer, Samuel Swain, Directors—Anthony Swain, L. A Hoguet, Dr. Howard P ssell, H B Beatty, James Buckman, Superintendent, George W. Booth

BRISTOL WATER COMPANY.

Incorporated 1874—Capital $50,000—President, Anthony Swain, Clerk, G M Dorrance, Treasurer, L. A Hoguet, Directors—Anthony Swain, Elwood Doron, L. A. Hoguet, G M. Dorrance, William Kinsey, C E. Scott, Samuel Jarvis, Superintendent, Anthony K. Joyce.

JEFFERSON LAND COMPANY.

Organized 1881—President, William H Grundy, Secretary, Dr Howard Pursell, Treasurer, Charles E Scheide.

BRISTOL AND BURLINGTON FERRY BOAT COMPANY.

Incorporated 1812, by William Penn—President, Jesse W Knight, Treasurer, Ellwood Doron, Secretary, William E Doron Directors—Jesse W Knight, Ellwood Doron, William E Doron, Captain Samuel Jarvis, Captain S P. Porter

T B HARKINS' FOUNDRY COMPANY.

Incorporated 1886—Capital $12,000—President, Thomas B Harkins, Secretary and Treasurer, Wm V Leech Directors—Wm P Pray, B F Gilkeson, Joshua Peirce, Ellwood Burton, Thos B Harkins.

ROLLING MILL COMPANY.

Organized 1 1 8—Capital $80,000—President, Charles I Scheide Secretary and Treasurer, Gilford V Lewis Directors—Charles E Scheide, William H Grundy, Joshua Peirce, B F Gilkeson, Elwo l Burton

BRISTOL CEMETERY COMPANY

Incorporated 1862—Capital $12,000—President, W R Johnson, Secretary, Dr Howard Pursell, Treasurer, Philip Halzell, Directors, W R. Johnson. Philip Halzell, Dr Howard Pursell, Wm Blackwood Alfred C Johnson, George A Shoemaker.

BRISTOL BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated 186 —Re-Chartered 1886—President, Dr W B Baker Secretary, A Weir Gilkeson Treasurer, Charles F. Scott, Directors—William Kinsey, Dr Wm. B Baker, William S Daniels, James Wright, Frank N Boor, George C Gillingham, W. E Bailey, Harry K Worlard, Charles A. Ahlee.

FIDELITY BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated 1885—President, James Wright, Secretary, A Weir Gilkeson, Treasurer, William Blackwood Directors—Thomas B Douglass, Francis Fenimore, William V Leech. Geo. A Shoemaker, James Wright.

UNION BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated 1874—President, ——— Secretary, A Weir Gilkeson, Treasurer, H B Beatty, Directors—Joseph S Peirce, George B Downing, H G. Peters, T B. Harkins, Harry Chambers, N Morgan Stephen

MERCHANTS AND MECHANICS' BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated 1885—President, C W Peirce Secretary, John C. Stuckert, Treasurer, Dr. Howard Pursell, Directors—Charles W. Peirce, Edward B. Foster, Francis Fenimore, Ernest Lawrence, Joseph Bannister, Jesse W. Knight, S. W Groff.

BRISTOL ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY.

Incorporated 1888—Capital $30,000—President, Philip Halzell, Secretary, A. Weir Gilkeson, Treasurer, Charles E. Scott, Directors—Philip Halzell, Joseph R. Grundy, W. H H. White.

BRISTOL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Organized 1878—President, Chas E. Scheide, Secretary, Jesse O. Thomas, Treasurer. A Weir Gilkeson. Board of Managers—Chas E Scheide, Samuel Swain, Dr Geo. W. Adams, Rev. E P. Shields, A. Weir Gilkeson, Jesse O. Thomas, Mrs. Joshua Peirce, Mrs. Fanny Laing, Miss Lizzie Kinsey, Miss M. A Gilkeson, Miss Virginia Parker. Librarian, Miss Eloise O Thomas.

BRISTOL LODGE, NO 25, F. AND A. M.

Instituted 17 0—W. M , Frederick B Vandegrift, S W , Byram C Foster; J. W , Jonathan Wright, Treasurer, Wm. Kinsey, Secretary, L. V. Rousseau, S. D., Isaac Parsons, J. D., Elwood W. Minster, S M. C , Thomas H Stackhouse, J. M. C , Thomas Swangler, Pursuivant, Josiah M. Owens; Tyler, Robert W Brooks, Stewards, E. J Groom, M. D , Wm. H H. Fine. Robert W. Brooks. Trustees—Wm. Kinsey, Jacob McIlrien, Dr. Wm. S. Baker, John G. Vandegrift, E. J. Groom, M. D.

HOPKINS LODGE, NO. 87, I. O. O. F.

Instituted 1811—Noble Grand, Wm. S. Wright; Vice Grand, Charles M Guyon; Secretary, Harvey S. Rue; Assistant Secretary, George C. Gillingham; Treasurer, J. M Callanan, Chaplain, John Booz; Warden, John Carty, Conductor, Wm. H. H. White; L. S. S , A R Groom, M. D.; R. S. S., Samuel Clark, R. S. N G., Walter Hoffman; L. S N. G., Charles Thompson; R. S. V. G , Wm. Kirkpatrick; L. S. V. G , Thomas Lawrence, Inside G , Hugh Mackie, Outside G , H. G. Peters, Representative, Wm. Kinsey.

HERMOINE LODGE, NO 109, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Instituted 18 .—Past Chancellor, Samuel Fenton; Chancellor Commander, Frank Weiks, V. C. C., Frank Garwood; P., Harry K. Wellard; M. A., Harvey S. Rue; K. R. & S., Edward Booz, M. of F , Robert Neely; M. of Ex , Allen Garwood; Inside Guard, H. J. Shoemaker, Outside Guard, E. B. Brown, Trustees, Wm. Smith, Wm. H. P. Hall, H. J. Shoemaker; Representative, Edward Booz.

MOHICAN TRIBE, NO. 12, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RED MEN.

Instituted 1870—S., William Lowry, S. S., Raymond Buseman; J. S., John N. DeGroot; P., Frank Weik; I G., E. B. Brown, O. G., J. Foster Smith; F. S., William Young, C. of R., Thomas B. Douglass; A. C. of R., Edward Winder, K of W., Walter R. Loedom, Trustees—John N DeGroot, Dr. W. T. Potts, Charles Sturmfels.

BRISTOL LODGE, NO. 16, ORDER OF TONTI

Instituted 1886—Past President, John B Yost, President, N. Morgan Stephen, Vice-President, Robert Warden, Secretary, J. K. Young, Treasurer, Thomas B. Douglass, Medical Examiners, Drs. W. T. Potts and A. S. Wilson, Chaplain, Augus York G., Alexander Wilson, Sen., Herman Otter, Representative, Wm H P. Hall, Trustees, Enoch Eldridge, Wm A Girton, Herman Otter.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Instituted 1883—County Delegate, Christopher Wall, President, Patrick Fallon, Vice-President, John Fallon, Secretary, John McBride; Treasurer, J H Kelley, Fin Secretary, John Reihl Standing Committee, Patrick Keating, John Sullivan, Edward McIlroy, Maurice Keating, John D rity

NONPAREIL COUNCIL ROYAL ARCANUM.

Instituted 1887—P. R , John K. Young, Reg , Serrill Douglass, V. Reg , Harvey S Rue, Sec , Wm E Doron, Treas , Byram C Foster, Col , H. G. Peters, Orator, J. Wesley Wright, Chaplain, H A. Bradfield, Guide, S. T Valentine, Warden John Meyers, Sentry, Robert P Brudon, Trustees, H G Peters, Harvey S Rue, J. W. Wright, Representative, J W. Wright

FIDELITY COUNCIL, NO. 21, JR. O U. A. M.

Instituted 1882—Jr P. C., Chas R. Thompson, C , Wm Bell, V. C., Will Warren Secretary, Morris D Harrison, A. R. S., George McVaugh, Conductor, Lewis Loechner, W., Albert Cramer, Sen , James Mohrt, Financial Secretary, Wm. Mohre, Treasurer, Frederick Quicksall, Trustees, Doron Green, Wm Warren, Frank Gress, Representatives Frank Gress, George Leatherbury.

WOOTON CASTLE, No 201, K G E.

Instituted 1887—P. C , Raymond Buseman N C , W. P Fine; V. C , William Smith, M. of R , William R. Bailey, C. of Ex., Robert Warden, K of Ex., William S. Daniels, Sir H., Thomas Devinney, V H , Charles R Appleton, High Priest, William Flowers, Ensign, George Callanan, Esquire, Frederick Sherman 1st G, Isaac Webb, 2d G., Robert W. Holt Trustees —Joel Soo , Robert Holt, Thomas B. Douglass.

BRISTOL DIVISION, NO 107, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Instituted 1882—Past Worthy Patriarch, Robert Warden, W P , James Guy, W A , John Lanahan, R. S , Harry Hilborn, A. R S , Jas Hetherington, F S , George J Sheppard, Treasurer, Joseph W Leate, Chaplain, Charles Coombs, Conductor, W Marshall, Assistant Conductor, William Moore, I S , R Hendricks, O S , W. Cornell, Organist, Belle Vanzant Trustees—John Hellings, George Vanzant, Chas Coombs

MARTHA WASHINGTON CHAMBER, NO. 2, K. OF F

Instituted 1881—P. S K M , Samuel McKenzie, S K M , Alexander Wilson, Sr Ch., Alexander O Watson, Jr. Ch , Christy Hetherington, M. of R , James Kerr, R S , Joseph W. Leate, F S , John B Farrell, Treasurer, William F Wright, Trustees—John Carty, Hugh Mackie, John J Wilson, Representative, John B Farrell

LIGHT OF LIBERTY LODGE, NO 135, A P. A.

Instituted 18 —W. M., Henry H Johnson' D. M , George W. Fisher, R. S , John H. Longstreth, F S , A. G Conn, A. S., John H. Young, Treasurer, Thomas DeWitt, Chaplain, Peyton DeWitt, Conductor, Charles H. Young, Assistant Conductor, Frank White, I T., Robert Anderson O T., Gregory White, Trustees—John Longstreth, Henry Johnson, George W. Fisher.

H. CLAY BEATTY POST, NO. 73, G A R

Instituted 1877—C , Nathan Campbell, S V C , Christopher Wall, Jr V C , Thomas Graham Adjt., C F Lippincott Q. M. W. Wright; Q S , William Barnhill, Chaplain, William Akers Surgeon, James Jolly, Sergeant, Al Woodington, Trustees—Thomas B Harkins, Edgar Adam Joseph Johnson Delegates, J W Wright, W Bunn Barnhill.

BRISTOL CASTLE, NO 107, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.

Organized ———P C , Edward Gallager, C , W E Appleton, V C , Willard Bevan, F L , William Wilkinson, R S., I. J Winder A R S , Samuel Haney, Treasurer, J M Callanan, Chaplain, Charles Coombs, C. of S , Charles W Guyon, A. C of S , William Schaffer I G , Christopher Hetherington, O. G , Frank Flinn, Trustees—Dr. William J Potts, George Sheppard, John Booz

LADIES' CIRCLE, NO 2.

Instituted 18 —President, Miss Bertha Hoeding Sr. V. P , Mrs T. Johnson, Jr. V P., Mrs. L Barnhill, Chaplain, Mrs Thomas Graham, Secretary, Mrs Lewis Vandegrift, Treasurer, Mrs Samuel Holt, Guard, Miss Bennet Inside Guard, Miss Annie Appleton.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

—Fair weather Christmas did not go to church last Sunday.

—There was no money for sale at the M. and M Building Association, last Tuesday evening.

—And now the coal-dealers are talking of getting up a protective association and exchanging black lists.

—The steamboat Twilight will discontinue her trips after this week, in order to undergo her annual repairs

—Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Grandin, of Tideoute, Pa., are paying a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Peirce.

—The first meeting of the Retail Grocers' Protective Association will be held in Evans' Hall, on next Monday evening. All grocers are invited to be present.

—Miss Mary Brady, a former teacher of the Bristol Public Schools, died on Tuesday morning at her residence on Mulberry street The funeral will be on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—The next meeting of the Bucks County Medical Society will be held at Quakertown, on Wednesday, February 6th, at 3 30 p. m., and will be addressed by Dr. Thomas G. Morton, of Philadelphia.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ralph and Mr. and Mrs. I. D. H Ralph, formerly of Bristol, sail on Satur lay on the steamer Etruria. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ralph will visit Jerusalem, Palestine, and the Holy Land, before returning.

—On Saturday evening, the Lucius Lafayette Blind Concert and Novelty Company will give one of their pleasing entertainments at the Opera House. This company is said to be composed of superior performers and vocalists and all lovers of music who attend are promised a rare treat.

—On Tuesday evening the Gorman Minstrel Company gave a novel and delightful entertainment at the Opera House. The departure from the old conventional style of minstrelsy was a happy arrangement of specialty acts which won loud applause from the beginning to the end. Without particularizing, it is safe to say that the performance was the best of the kind ever given here.

—We begin to-day, the publication of the more interesting and essential portions of "Jonathan and His Continent," "Max O'Rell's" brilliant criticism of our people and institutions. This book is the latest literary sensation. It is written in a bright and racy style, and is a running commentary on the people and things the author saw during his recent visit to, and lecturing tour through, the United States. Extra copies of the GAZETTE can be had at the Bristol News Agency or at the publication office.

—There was a meeting of the members of the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening, to take some action on the proposed enlargement of the church The meeting was well attended, and it was the unanimous opinion the improvement should be made The prevailing opinion appeared to be for the enlargement and remodeling of the present edifice in preference to building a chapel. A committee to get plans and an estimate from a competent architect, was appointed. Another meeting will be held when the plans are ready to be submitted

—The programme of the Organ Concert this evening, at the Presbyterian Church, is as follows "Marche Aux Flambeaux," Guilmant—Mrs. Joshua Peirce; "Festival Te Deum,' in E flat, Dudley Buck—Mr. and Mrs Leech, Mr and Mrs Thomas, 'Concert Fantasia,' Sir R P Stewart' "Minuet' from the Jupiter Symphony, Mozart—David D. Wood, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Leicolas—Mme Suelke, "Festive March" in D, Henry Smart—Miss Katy J Thomas, Solo and Chorus, "When I can Read My Title Clear,' Thomas—Mr and Mrs Leech, Mr. and Miss Thomas, "Hear Ye Israel," from Elijah, Mendelssohn—Mme Suelke, "Serenade,' Op 8, Beethoven—David D. Wood, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," Millard—Mme Suelke, 'Overture to William Tell," Rossini—David D Wood

—The electric light question for the boroughs of Langhorne and Hulmeville and adjacent territory, is likely to take definite shape at an early day The committee appointed to prepare specifications, solicit subscriptions, etc , have had several meetings. At the last one subscriptions to the stock amounting to over $11,000 were received. Bids were also received from several companies, which will be acted upon at a meeting of the stockholders to-night, at Langhorne, when a permanent organization will be formed

—We clip the following from this morning's Philadelphia Press. "Rev. Hugh McGhan, who succeeds the late Vicar General Walsh as Rector of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, has for a number of years been Rector of St Mark's Church, Bristol. He has also been stationed at Easton and at St Philip's Church, in this city. Father McGhan is about 50 years old. He will assume his new charge on February 9.

—John H Sturm, tried at Court Monday, for stealing a horse from Williamson Wright, in Falls township, and chickens from J. Powell, in Bensalem township, was convicted, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment for the first offense, and six months additional for the last.

—The Presbyterian Chapel at Bridgewater, was sold at public sale on Saturday afternoon last, to Andrew Smith, of Cornwell's, for $145

A JAW AND ORDER SOCIETY WANTED.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—I read in your last week's paper that the Board of Managers of the Mechanics' Mutual Improvement Association had decided to close up the concern and it had been done, that the managers held a meeting in consequence of reports reaching them that the rooms of the Association were being used for unlawful purposes, and that upon investigating the matter they had found sufficient evidence to establish the fact that the rooms were being used for gambling purposes, and for sheltering persons who went there to sleep off the effects of drunkenness, that the game played was poker, and some of Bristol's young men had developed considerable talent in that direction.

It is passing strange that the managers were not informed by some of the younger members of what was being done in the rooms. Had they been informed sooner, the citizens of Bristol would have been saved from great scandal and mortification. It has been known for the past six months to many of our citizens that the building was used for other purposes than it was originally intended—the different class of men who of late have been seen entering the place, and the late hours of nights in which the place has been kept open—as late as 12 o'clock on Saturday nights. Many persons have frequently asked what was being done in that building that induced so many persons from different parts of the borough to visit there on Sundays and stay so late at night, particularly married men.

It is alleged on good authority (my informant being a visitor there) that the place was visited by men in office—a Councilman, an ex-office-holder, and men who were in the habit of getting drunk, and professional gamblers—a disgraceful state of things to be allowed to exist in the most public place in the borough, and that too, nearly opposite the police station, without any notice being taken by them of what was going on there.

At every meeting of the Borough Council there is a flaming report made of what great things the Police have done since the last meeting—a sort of stereotype of how many men have been arrested for drunkenness, and how many tramps have been lodged, and this thing goes on from year to year, without any effort on the part of our liveried police to ferret out and bring to the notice of the Court these violators of the law. Bristol is suffering morally and socially for the want of an efficient police. The $2,000 that is paid by the tax-payers ought to secure a more efficient force. It is *known*, and *can be proved* that there are places where gambling hells exist, and places where boys are allowed to gamble on roulette tables, and where boys can buy whiskey by the half-pint, and licensed houses that sell on Sundays, and segar stores open and selling on Sundays, in defiance of law and decency, and these places exist right on the route where the police travel, and yet they go to Court and report that no violations of law have come under their notice, while they neglect their duty, which is to visit all suspicious places to see what is being done there.

It is now known by the Managers of the Mechanics' Mutual Improvement Association, as well as the community, that gambling has been carried on in the hall occupied by the Association. They say they had the evidence of gambling and drunkenness being allowed there, and for that reason they closed the place. Now is it not the duty of these Managers to report the case to the District Attorney and send the names of the men who have been engaged in these disgraceful practices, that our young men may be be saved from the damning influence of the gambler and the drunkard?

What is most needed in the Borough is a Law and Order Society. We respectfully ask the Women's Christian Temperance Union to make a move in that direction by calling on the male citizens to join with them in organizing such a society before the Court is called upon to renew the licenses of the whiskey and beer saloons.

Respectfully dedicated to his Honor, Judge Yerkes, and the District Attorney.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE WEATHER

In Smith's forecasting of the weather for the month of February, 1889, he says:

"February is likely to open cold and stormy. For the first week, from the 1st to the 5th, high winds and snows, general storms in eastern sections, snow blockades from the 5th to 7th, rough weather along the Atlantic coast, windy, rains and snows; from the 7th to the 9th, a period of moderate weather, perhaps thaws and rains, snowy and cold.

Second Week.—From the 10th to the 12th cold continues, with heavy snow-falls and drifts north and northwest, from the 12th to the 14th, brilliant winter weather, high winds and gales, from the 14th to the 16th, heavy winds and snows; north, stormy along the New England coast, the week ends cold in northern sections

Third Week —From the 17th to the 20th, cloudy and milder, thaws, generally snowy and rainy, cloudy and squally, with rapid changes of temperature, rains and snow falls, especially in the west, a brief cold period from the 20th to the 24th

Fourth Week.—Mild with thaws and rains; general break-up in the south, stormy and unsettled in the north, with high winds and gales along the Atlantic coast, rains in the south. Govern yourselves accordingly.

YENNIE.

THE BLIND ORGANIST.

The eminent organist, David D. Wood, who will take part in the Organ Concert in the Presbyterian Church this evening is one of the few celebrated organists on this continent. Last Sunday's Press in an article on the musicians of Philadelphia says: "Professor Zeckwer, by the way, and few are more competent to judge, says, 'We don't appreciate David D. Wood. He is not only great in execution, but wonderful in his power and facility of composition and adaptation. This is an opinion to which the professor can not fail to find many ardent and enthusiastic adherents. It is almost unnecessary to tell Philadelphians who David D. Wood is. He is the blind organist of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, and it is his masterful manipulation of the organ keys, and his good taste in the direction of the musical portion of the services that have more than once helped most materially to fill the edifice with a congregation that might not have been so large had not such an excellently rendered musical programme been confidently expected. Mr. Wood, who is about 50 years of age, has been totally blind since early childhood. He was born with poor eyesight and a severe attack of scarlet fever when he was but 3 years old shut out the light of day from him forever. But the permanent loss of daylight was in a measure compensated for. In his soul and in his brain was the inspiring and consuming effulgence of musical inspiration. There was the fire of the genius of harmony within him that has brightened and warmed his whole life since boyhood, and has aided to alleviate his physical affliction, even at times making it seem almost insignificant. Mr. Wood was educated at the Blind Asylum in this city, and it was in that institution under careful tuition that the genius that could not have been suppressed first made itself distinctly apparent. The politics of Mr Wood has as a matter of course, nothing whatever to do with his musical [illegible] ogies just here in speaking of his duties at school to mention that he is an ardent Republican and a great admirer of James G. Blaine. His admiration for Mr. Blaine is doubtless considerably intensified by the fact that that great leader of men was at one time his school teacher. Mr. Wood is happily married to a blind woman and has two grown sons, both of whom are blessed with the inestimable boon of sight. Most of the products of his fertile brain have been in the shape of church music. He is now in control of the choir at St. Stephen's, and has entire charge of the musical instruction in the Blind Asylum at Twenty-th and Race Streets, besides being connected professionally with the Philadelphia Musical Academy."

*Dr. Theel, the renowned Specialist has cured more cases of special, kidney, blood and nervous diseases than all others combined. The power of healing that the Doctor possesses is no doubt due to his complete, practical knowledge of the allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic system of medicine. We would advise those suffering to consult him in person or by letter. Office 538 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

*THE ONLY PERFECT REMEDY—For habitual constipation, dyspepsia, and kindred ills is the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It strengthens as well as cleanses the system, it is easily taken and perfectly harmless. John K. Young, 55 Bath street, agent for Bristol.

*THE HANDSOMEST LADY IN BRISTOL.—Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size 50c and $1.

*BRINGING GLADNESS to millions, pleasing their palates and cleansing their systems, arousing their Livers, Kidneys, Stomachs, and Bowels to a healthy activity. Such is the mission of the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. John K. Young 55 Bath street, Bristol.

MARRIED.

MORAN—VANDEGRIFT—At the M. E. Parsonage, 1013 North Front street Philadelphia, on Thursday, January 24, 1889, by Rev Francis Asbury Gilbert, William T Moran, of Philadelphia, and Miss Lucy C. Vandegrift, of Newportville, Bucks County, Pa.

DIED.

At Jersey City, on Thursday, January 24th, 1889, of scarlet fever, JESSIE, daughter of Harry and Ellen Louderbough, aged 8 years.

On the 29th instant, MARY BRADY.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from her late residence on Mulberry street, below Cedar, on Friday afternoon at two o'clock Services at St. James Church at 3 p.m.

On the 27th instant, at 621 North Thirty-Fifth street, Philadelphia, ELIZABETH, wife of C. Wesley Milnor

WANTED.

WANTED—TWO STEADY, RESPECTABLE young men to learn a good paying business Taught in one hour. Apply all week. 50 N. 10th Street, third floor, Philadelphia

TO RENT. HOUSE ON RADCLIFFE ST., opposite the Water-works. Possession given April 1st. Particulars at GAZETTE office, or of C. W TAYLOR, Oakford P. O., Pa.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Radcliffe street near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

New Advertisements

Bristol Opera House.

Saturday Evening, February 2d.

GO HEAR THE

LUCIUS LAFAYETTE

BLIND CONCERT

—AND—

Novelty Company

GREATEST BLIND MUSICIANS IN THE WORLD.

YOU MAY NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE AGAIN.

PRICES LOW ENOUGH FOR ALL. Ten, Twenty and Thirty Cents.

OVERTURE AT..... ..8 O'CLOCK

Seats on sale at the Bristol News Agency

ORGAN CONCERT

—AT THE—

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

Thursday Evening, January 31st, AT 7 45 P M

PROF. DAVID D. WOOD, of Philadelphia, and other talent.

The Concert will also have the valuable assistance of the popular Prima Donna,

MADAME EMMA SUELKE,

Soprano Soloist of St Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, and a select

QUARTETTE OF MIXED VOICES.

TICKETS 35 CENTS—THREE FOR $1 00. Children under 12 years of age, 20 cents

May be had of Wm. H. Booz, adjoining the Church, and at the various Drug Stores Proceeds for the benefit of the Church Fund.

Charles Baker's Clearing-Out Sale of Household Goods and Kitchen Furniture.

WILL BE SOLD at Public Sale, on Wednesday, FEBRUARY 6, 1889, at 1 o'clock p. m., on the premises, situate on Otter street, Bristol Borough, near the Otter Street Bridge, all the following Household Goods, to-wit:

Four sets ash bedsteads and mattresses, 1 set walnut bedsteads and mattresses, 3 bureaus, 2 washstands, 1 dozen cane seat, 1 dozen Windsor, 2 rocking-chairs, 3 sitting-room tables, 1 extension table 12 feet, 1 walnut ornamental stand, 2 parlor stoves, 1 double heater parlor stove, 1 range cook stove (Splendid), 1 dining-room set in good order, 1 eight-day clock, 1 24-hour clock, 12 yards oilcloth, pictures, mirrors, dishes, cooking utensils, and tableware in variety, lamps, side-lamps, parlor lamps, all kinds of lamps, milk pans, buckets and kitchen furniture in variety, shovels, baskets, brushes, grain bags, benches, 1 wash tubs, 2 wash machines, 1 clothes wringer, lot of books, ice cream freezer, and a number of other things not mentioned.

Charles has gone to Dixie, and everything is to be sold.

TERMS—4 months credit on all sums amounting to $25 and upwards

JESSE H KNIGHT, Agent.

J E MAGILL, Auctioneer.

S HUDDY HARRISON, Clerk.

THE NEW DUMPING WAGON

SAML PETTOCK, Pres't. J. B. MERRITT, Treas.

A PERFECT DUMPER, and the SHORTEST TURNING WAGON MADE

With or without lock. Either Shafts or Tongue. For Farming and other hauling Our improved axle will not bend under the heaviest load. Within the reach of all. Agents Wanted For full particulars, address KENNETT WAGON CO. KENNETT SQUARE, PA.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line Enclose two-cent stamp. Apermanent position. No attention paid to postal cards. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O. WAGES $3.00 PER DAY.

BUCKS COUNTY TRUST COMPANY DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Authorized Capital,	$250,000
Capital paid in,	125,000
Surplus Fund,	14,000
Resources, Nov. 1888,	350,000
Trust Fund, Not in Above,	126,347

This Company is authorized by its charter to act as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Assignee, Committee, Receiver, Agent, &c , and for the faithful performance of such duties its capital is liable

It insures owners of real estate, or mortgagees, against loss by reason of defective titles

It receives money on deposit subject to check.

All Trust Investments are kept separate and distinct from the Assets of the Company.

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BRISTOL, Pa , January 8, 1889

AT AN ELECTION held this day the following Stockholders were elected Directors of this Bank

Preson Mitel oll,	Anthony Swain,
Louis A Hoguet,	Edward Thomas,
J P. Agnew, M. D.,	Elwood Burton,
John Burton,	Benjamin Taylor.

And at a meeting of the Directors subsequently held, Preson Mitchell, Esq , was unanimously re-elected President.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Assigned Estate of Joshua Peirce and Wife.

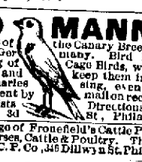
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That Joshua Peirce and Mary E. P , his wife, by deed dated December 29, 1888, have made a general assignment of all the real and personal estate of Joshua Peirce to the undersigned in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Joshua Peirce, and that all persons indebted to the said Joshua Peirce are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to WILLIAM H. GRUNDY, Assignee.

or

B F GILKESON, his Attorney

BRISTOL, January 17, 1889.

BIRD MANNA



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An Ordinance

TO PROVIDE FOR THE REMOVAL OF SNOW FROM THE PAVEMENTS AND GUTTERS OF THE BOROUGH OF MORRISVILLE

SECTION 1 The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville do ordain That within twenty four hours after each fall of snow, it shall be the duty of every person firm or corporation, occupying any property within the Borough of Morrisville, or in case there is no occupant, then the owner or owners of such property, to remove as far as possible all snow from the sidewalks and gutters in front of and around their respective properties.

SEC. 2 In case any occupant or owner, as aforesaid, shall neglect or refuse to remove the snow, as aforesaid, he, she or they shall forfeit and pay the sum of Five Dollars, to be collected by an action of debt or penalties, to be enforced by summary conviction as for a breach of the peace, before any justice of the peace of the said borough.

SEC. 3 All ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict with the provisions of this ordinance are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber, this Thirteenth day of December, A D., 1888. WM G HOWELL, Burgess.

Attest—ISAAC PARSONS, Clerk.

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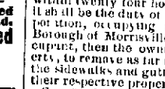

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DOES ANY ONE KNOW?

Does any one know what's in your heart and mine,
The sorrow and song,
The demon of sin and the angel divine,
The right and the wrong;
The dread of the darkness, the love of the day,
The ebb and the flow
Of hope and of doubt forever and aye,
Does any one know?

Does any one dream of the love that is yours,
The heart that is mine;
The depth and the width of the cup which each pours
Of richest red wine;
Of the hate that is dark as the midnight of grief,
The anguish and woe,
The doubt clouds of waiting and blind unbelief,
Does any one know?

Does any one see what we have in the heart
To love and to hate;
Of life's every motive an intricate part
Of chance and of fate;
The memory of kisses, of starlight, of songs,
Of roses and snow,
Of women's sweet eyes, of prayers and of wrongs,
Does any one know?

Does any one hearken to music of bells,
And the sigh of the sea,
And the whisper of woodlands that murmurs and swells
For you and for me;
The sound of fond voices that ever respond,
In tones soft and low,
To the prayer we are breathing into the beyond,
Does any one know?
—Nixon Waterman in Chicago Herald.

A FORECASTLE YARN.

The long, hot day was over, and with the setting sun had come a breeze, before which the good ship Bristol was steadily slipping through the oily looking water. Six bells had just been struck; the saloon was almost deserted, and the poop was peopled with weary passengers reveling in the soft, cool wind and the departure of our enemy, the sun. The main deck was alive with the mid-ship passengers, and the watch on decks who, mixing indiscriminately, lounged and chatted and smoked and slept as their inclination moved them.

I had come on the forecastle head to enjoy a quiet cigar and to delight my soul with the wondrous beauty of the night. Up here everything was quiet, and I was alone, save for the man on the lookout, who leaned on the opposite rail as motionless as a statue, and evidently occupied with his own thoughts. Looking aft, the ship was almost in darkness, being shadowed by the mountains of canvas which rose dim and mysterious toward the sky. The murmur of voices was hushed into a kind of lullaby, under whose drowsy music both ship and ocean seemed to be dreaming. Overhead, the tropical stars hung out their white lamps against the violet sky, and set long trails of light glittering across the dark water until they broke in crystal shivers on the hull. The light from the open ports of the saloon looked hot and yellow, and only enticed a dull reflection from the sea. Some one, who was playing on the piano in the music room, had drifted into the loved strain of "Home, Sweet Home," and was sending it stealing out over the sea like a benediction. Round the sharp cutwater the spray was rising in a fairy fountain, whose drops rang like a chime of tiny silver bells as they met the waves again. Down in the cool depths a shoal of fish were playing round the ship's head, looking, as they moved through the phosphorus laden water, like fish-shaped fragments of solid rainbow gone mad.

Thus I rested and was at peace, until my reverie was broken by the sound of footsteps ascending the forecastle ladder. I turned, and was face to face with my cabin companion, Mr. Ralph Stevenson. "Glorious night, isn't it?" he said.

"Magnificent," I answered, and then added: "It's not only the present delight that I am thankful for, but for the memory it will be in days to come, for you know 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

"I don't know about that," he rejoined; "it depends wholly on the circumstances under which one has seen it. Do you know this lovely night has called to my mind one of the most unpleasant incidents in my life?"

"Indeed! want was that?"

"Sit down here on this coil of rope, and if you care to hear it, I will tell it as we smoke."

I gladly accepted his offer, and Stevenson began.

When I was a young fellow, years ago in London, I was in the employ of an uncle of mine who was at the head of a large firm of ship owners. My health had broken down owing to hard work and a severe season, and the doctor ordered me a long rest and a sea voyage. The firm at once gave me the required leave, and shipped me off as sole passenger in one of their best trading clippers. We had a fine passage, and arrived safely in the magnificent harbor of Rio de Janeiro. The port was crowded, and we had to anchor outside and wait our turn to be berthed. We lay for some days, during which the heat was intense, when, all unannounced, there burst over the city and the shipping one of those terrible outbreaks of yellow fever so common there. The disease spread with fearful rapidity, and soon our ship was one among the crowd lying at the quarantine anchorage and flying the hateful yellow flag.

It was terrible to lie day after day on the glassy sea and watch the doomed city through the haze and the ships nearer at hand. Constantly the yellow flags were fluttering down to half mast, as a signal to the shore boats to come off and take away the bodies for interment. All our crew had deserted at the first, with the exception of the captain, the carpenter, a tall, thin Scotchman from the Clyde, and a black cook named Jacob. These, with myself, formed the whole ship's company. Suddenly the captain was struck down, and by influence we managed to get him taken off to one of the hospitals ashore. Next day Chips—as they always call the carpenter at sea—was laid low. Jacob came and told me Chips was in his bunk, very bad, so I went on the main deck and visited him. I found him raving in fever. We flew the signal for the doctor. After a while he came off, said it was a bad case, prescribed, gave directions as to medicine and disinfectants, and departed. Jacob and I took turns in watching poor Chips. On the evening of the next day I was pacing the poop, utterly weary and sick at heart. The red hot sun went down at last, and the stars came out. The night was brilliantly calm and still. The lights on the esplanade of Rio began to twinkle out into the darkness. Far above them on the overhanging terraces, clusters of light—marking the position of countless villas—hung on the blackness of the steep background like diamonds set in jet. The dim outlines of the huge mountains which rise behind the harbor lounged through the darkness in the faint starlight. The Corcovada and the Gavea could be seen head and shoulders above the rest. Towards the open sea the black form of the Pao de Assacur, which guards the entrance of the harbor, stood like a solemn sentinel. Near it could be descried the glimmering of the lighthouses, far away at the heads. I paced the deck trying to fight against a feeling of utter lassitude and depression. I had a terrible headache, a taste like blood in my mouth, and felt aching and feverish all over.

Presently the black cook Jacob came on to the quarterdeck, and touching his cap, said: "Please, sir, won't you come down and have some tea? It has been ready for half an hour."

"Thanks, Jacob; but how is Chips?"

His black face became grave at once as he replied: "Please, sir, he died nearly two hours ago; but I did not like to disturb you, so I laid him straight and still, tied a handkerchief round his poor thin face, and came away softly and shut the door." Here the poor fellow's voice broke into a sob.

"Make the flag half mast, Jacob."

"No good now, sir; they won't come off till daylight."

"Oh yes, you are right; I forgot it was dark."

"But come and have something to eat, sir," persisted the faithful fellow; "you must be ready to drop."

"All right, Jacob; I will," I answered; and then, as I turned to go, I said: "Jacob, come aft and have your tea in the saloon. To-night, we may as well keep each other's spirits up."

"Thank you, sir," he said, and disappeared.

After a little while, I went down into the saloon; and had the circumstances been different, I would have roared with laughter at the scene which met my eyes. Jacob had undergone quite a transformation, and how he managed it in the time, I was at a loss to guess. He was rigged out in his best suit, and in all the glory of a dress shirt of startling whiteness, decorated with diamond studs.

He had not seated himself until I arrived, and stood contemplating himself and his surroundings in the mirror over the sideboard, his ebony countenance shining with ineffable satisfaction. All through the meal his look of self satisfied importance amused me greatly; but when tea was over the old feeling of depression returned with renewed force. King Death reigned over the ship, and the majesty and terror of his presence were all around.

"Come into my cabin, Jacob," said I, "when you have cleared up, and we will have a smoke together."

He agreed cheerfully, and I left the saloon. My cabin was under the break of the poop, and had a window looking right on the main deck, as well as the usual seaward port hole. Before lighting my lamp I looked out at the quiet ship. The full tropical moon had risen while we were at our meal, and filled the deck and the rigging with her white radiance. About ten yards from the window stood the deck house, where the dead man was lying, and the moonlight glittered on its window and the brasswork of the door. While I looked, I wondered: "Shall I die, too, during this awful visitation?" Then I thought I will just write directions as to what is to be done with my clothes and letters, now while I can.

I sat down at a small table at the other side of the cabin, kindled the little brass swing lamp, and began to write. I had hardly begun when Jacob knocked at the door, and when I called advanced into the room pipe in hand. Asking him to sit down, I told him I would finish writing soon. He went over, and, sitting at the open window, began to smoke. The night was so utterly still that the scratching of my pen seemed loud and aggressive. Suddenly I was startled by Jacob's pipe going crash on the floor of the cabin; and looking at him I saw that his black face had become a light gray color, and that his eyes were starting out of his head. Before I could move or speak I heard the squeak of a door handle softly turned. I crossed beside the negro, and gazed at the door of the house which contained the dead carpenter. As I looked my heart ceased to beat, and my hair stood up. The door slowly opened, and out into the bright moonlight came the tall figure of the dead man! It seemed to pause and hesitate for a moment, and then advanced with muffled tread straight to the saloon entrance and my cabin. The moon shone full on the ghastly face, bound about with an old red handkerchief, from which the unclosed dead eyes shone as from under a cowl. On it came, nearer and nearer, while I remained frozen with horror. We heard the soft footstep approach the passage door, and then a heavy fall, and all was still.

At that moment Jacob gave a fearful shriek and fainted. This brought me to my senses, and stepping over the prostrate black, I seized the lamp and hurried out. There lay the ghastly figure across the doorway. I had not been dreaming then, and it was no fancy. I almost dropped the lamp in my renewed terror. But I braced myself together, and, stooping over the body, turned it on its back. As I did so, a faint sigh came from the white lips. I was a man again, and roared: "Jacob, you idiot, come here; the carpenter is not dead at all."

Well, my story is out. We carried him back to bed and nursed him tenderly, and in the morning the doctor came, but we said nothing to him about the performance of the night before. The fact was, Jacob had mistaken the deadly trance of the yellow fever for actual death; and I, being so broken down with watching, had never questioned his statement.

Poor Chips had revived a little, and in the strength of delirium had wandered on deck; and so it all came about as I have told you. Would you believe it? That carpenter afterward recovered and is alive at the present day. The captain, too, got better. Neither Jacob nor I caught the fever, and not many weeks later we left that accursed place and were bowling along for dear old England. A soft still night at sea like this always makes me think of that adventure, and I do not relish it even yet.

One—two, three—four, five—six, seven—rang out from the poop. The watch suddenly drops his musings and answers on the deep toned forecastle bell. I hop off the coil of rope, and remark:

"I say, Stevenson, your wretched story has given me cold shivers all down my back, and I shall have the nightmare every night for the next month. Let us go to the ladies on the quarter deck and try to forget it."

He laughingly assents, and we throw down our cigars into the sea and join the merry crowd.—Chambers' Journal.

THE STILLWELL MURDER.

It Resembles the Snell Case Somewhat, but There Is No Tascott.

Hannibal city, Mo., adds another to the many bloody mysteries of recent times—a murder bearing a curious resemblance to that of Banker Snell in Chicago. But in this case the police have not even a "Tascott" to

MISS AND MRS. STILLWELL. A. J. STILLWELL.

pursue, or the slightest clew. The victim, A. J. Stillwell, a wealthy citizen some 65 years old, was most brutally murdered in his own bedroom, his wife and his young children being asleep in a bed near by. Under the circumstances it is but natural that many queer suspicions should be aroused, but all the collateral facts tend to prove the truth of the widow's story.

Mrs Stillwell, a beautiful lady about thirty years younger than her husband, says she was suddenly awakened by a cry from her husband, and saw a man standing by her bed She screamed and the intruder fled; then hearing no movement by her husband she hastened to his bedside and found him gasping in death. A single blow with an ax had crushed the side of his head and almost severed the neck. She screamed, aroused the household and then sunk into a swoon, from which she only regained consciousness after many hours, but has never regained health or strength. She is now at the sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., slowly recovering from nervous prostration.

STILLWELL MANSION.

The murderer escaped from the house before the servants could be aroused, and it was then found that he had taken from the barn near by the ax with which he did the deed. In his flight he had dropped a few dollars from the pocketbook which he had taken from Mr. Stillwell's pantaloons. As it was notorious that the murdered man kept very little money in his house, the painful conclusion was that some man or men were ready to commit robbery, and murder, if need was, for the chance of a few dollars. Evidently it was no professional, no expert "cracksman," so the police decided that the murderers (for they insist that there were two) must be sought among the rough characters who live in huts along the levee. But that is as far as they have got, though two arrests have been made on mere suspicion. Hannibal City bids fair to emulate larger places in furnishing another undiscoverable "Tascott."

Says The San Diego Bee: "If we are ever to divert the travel of the ultra rich easterners from southern Europe to southern California we must be less earnest about rental advantage and more earnest for roominess and parks and gardens, and especially tree growing. It is a thousand pities that men have so great power to be mentally blind."

WIVES AND WIVES

You Can Get Them in New York Till You Can't Rest.

STRANGE EFFECT OF THE LAWS.

Practical Illustration of the Curious Tangle in the New York State Laws—Case of a Man with Three Legal Wives—One Woman with Two Legal Husbands.

The information may be very surprising, if not even shocking, to many good people who have no personal use for the indulgence afforded, but it is nevertheless the fact that in the state of New York a husband may have several legal wives, or a wife may have several legal husbands. In other words, the New York laws shield polygamy and polyandry. Up to 1878 a New York state marriage law permitted divorce, i. e., a real dissolution of the marriage tie, that left both the freed parties free to remarry.

There was a sort of nominal prohibition of the remarriage of the party giving cause for the divorce within five years, or without permission of the court granting the decree, but that was a mere dead letter, since a second marriage, contracted in defiance of such prohibition, was held perfectly legal, and the only offense perpetrated was contempt of court. But, in the year mentioned, the cranks who are opposed to the granting of divorces obtained the passage by the legislature of a few innocent seeming lines amendatory to the code of civil procedure, the effect of which was little appreciated until the court of appeals, in 1883, in the case of The People vs. Faber, 92 N. Y., p. 146, held that:

"A person against whom a decree of divorce has been granted by the courts of this state, who during the lifetime of the plaintiff marries again in this state, is guilty of bigamy. He is a 'person having a husband or wife living,' within the 2 R. S., 687, paragraph 8." In other words, divorce, so far as New York is concerned, had been completely "knocked out," and the empty thing that now goes by that name is something very different. Burrill's Law Dictionary is followed by both Webster and Worcester in this definition of divorce: "a A legal dissolution of the marriage contract by a court or other body having competent authority. This is properly a divorce and called technically a vinculo matrimonii. b. The separation of a married woman from the bed and board of her husband—a mensa et thoro (from bed and board)."

But that which is called divorce now in this state is neither of those, but a unique semi-dissolution of the marriage contract which leaves it in full force and binding so far as one of the parties is concerned, while the other is made free and single again. That was what Faber found out when he, five years after a decree of divorce had been declared against him, supposing the old legal limitation of celibacy satisfied, had the temerity to marry again. His vindictive former wife prosecuted him for bigamy, though she had long since been married to another man, and he served four years and a half in the state prison for his offense.

But what is the offset to this? The divorced person may legally contract another marriage outside the limits of the state of New York and it is valid there. More than that: a man who has neither been divorced nor had a divorce granted to him in that state, but has a wife there, to whom he has been legally married in that state, may go out into another state, marry another woman, return with that second wife to New York state, and, instead of laying himself liable to prosecution for bigamy by so doing, will then have two equally legal wives and be just as much liable for the maintenance of one as for that of the other; either or both may institute divorce proceedings against him for cause [fancy Mary Smith and Jane Smith asking of the court freedom from John Smith on the ground of "his infidelity to us"] and if he leaves children by both wives when he dies they will all have equal rights in his estate. And he may have a dozen legal wives just as well as two, if he is able to support them and his nature is one that yearns for domestic excitement. The woman's rights, under the present laws, are just the same as the man's. She can take just as many legal husbands as the man can legal wives.

Of course there is a right and a wrong way—or, to speak more correctly, a safe and an unsafe way—of doing this thing. The matrimonial enthusiast, who gathers to himself wives with the reckless indifference to method that would be all right if he were simply picking up chestnuts, will be likely to come to grief. He must remember that in all cases certain forms of divorce must precede his various marriages. Here is a positively and absolutely truthful statement of the present somewhat complicated marital relations of a gentleman resident in Harlem (who is a well known New York merchant), the narration of the progress of his entanglements in which will amply illustrate the legal and safe course of procedure. And, by the way, he is only one of a dozen in the same neighborhood who have similarly availed themselves of the law's kind encouragement of polygamy, though none of the others have gone so far.

Mr. B——, the gentleman in question, is financially prosperous; has not yet passed the prime of life; is vigorous, good looking and well informed, and has been married eight or ten years, but has no children. His wife is handsome, accomplished, amiable and bears an excellent character. Two years ago he fell in love with a girl employed by him as a typewriter, a tall, magnificent, Juno like girl from Boston. She reciprocated his passion, but was altogether too well brought up and too proper to descend to a vulgar amour. No; she admitted that she loved him, but she respected herself.

"Well," he said, "I will make you my wife."

"How can you?" she said in surprise, "when you have a wife already"?

He explained to her how it would be perfectly practicable. Still she demurred. She did not think it would be the proper thing for him to cast off his first wife to marry her.

"Oh! but I won't cast her off. It will not affect her standing at all," he explained. "She will still be my wife in New York, by virtue of her marriage to me here, and you will be equally my wife, both here and in Connecticut, by virtue of your marriage with me there."

The audacity of the scheme dazed the girl. Whatever scruples she may really have had were not proof against the seductive prospect of becoming a legal wife of a rich man whom she already loved, and she consented to marry him if the arrangement was practicable.

Mr. B. went up to New Haven one afternoon and hired a room, which gave him a constructive residence in Connecticut, and engaged a lawyer to draw a petition of divorce from his wife. There is a nominal requirement that one must be a resident of the state for a year before being entitled to a divorce, but no attention is paid to that. He came back to New York the next morning, having occupied his new room one night and paid a quarter's rent in advance at the rate of $3 per week.

In due course of time, service of notice upon his wife was made by publication—an advertisement in a very obscure country paper. Soon afterward he got his divorce, and immediately took the Junoesque typewriter up to New Haven and married her. But Mrs. B. No. 2, as she shall hereafter be designated, was uneasy. She was not satisfied that it was all right, and even though her marriage certificate was in her pocket was reluctant to go to the handsome flat that Mr. B. had already furnished for her occupancy.

"Very well," he said, "I will not ask you to until you are thoroughly convinced that it is all right. I will take you to a lawyer, who shall, in your name, commence an action against me to procure an order of court compelling me to support you as my legal wife. If you get that will you be content?"

Yes, that would satisfy her. And she got it. The evidence of her marriage in Connecticut was all that was needed, but along with it went the evidence of the preceding divorce by a Connecticut court of competent authority in favor of a presumable citizen of Connecticut within the jurisdiction of that court.

And the New York judge in his decision took occasion to refer to the holding of the court of appeals in the case of Moore vs. Hegeman, 92 N. Y., p. 526 (1883), "Where a marriage is valid by the laws of another state, its validity cannot be questioned in New York state. Thus, even if persons who cannot legally marry in this state go to another state, the laws of which permit them to marry, and marry there, such marriage is valid in New York state." The foreign divorce could not, however, affect the interests of Mrs. B. No. 1, a citizen of New York, in New York state. Mrs. B. No. 2 went to the flat.

No attempt was made to conceal the situation from Mrs. B. No. 1, and when she heard of it she made something of a row about it, as might naturally be expected from some women under such extraordinary circumstances. As, however, there was no diminution in Mr. B.'s affection and liberal provision for her, she soon settled down to a philosophical acceptance of the proposition that if it was legally right, it must be right, of course.

In view of her experience it is not strange that Mrs. B. No. 2 took a lively interest in the choice of her successor at the type writing machine. The safest thing she could do, as it seemed to her, was to bring on her sister from Boston to take her place. She could not trust anybody else. The sister was a roly-poly sort of girl, plump as a partridge, with a wealth of golden curls, bright blue eyes, smiling red lips and the prettiest little taper fingers imaginable. Any right minded man would have admired her. Mr. B. did. And she took a strong liking to him; possibly influenced in some degree by the reflection that it is rather better to be a rich man's wife than a $15 a week typewriter. So one afternoon he took another trip to Connecticut, engaged his old room in New Haven and his former lawyer; had another advertisement in the obscure country paper, was once more by grace of a Connecticut court made a free man, and straightway was married to the plump sister, who, when she came back with him to New York, was legally Mrs. B. No. 3. Mrs. B. No. 2 was displeased, but finally concluded that it was "all in the family" and there was no use in "kicking." Mrs. B. No. 1 laughed until she cried, and then, on the plea of ill health, went to visit her mother in southern Illinois. There she took a leaf out of her husband's book, got a divorce from him in an Illinois court, and when she returned to New York it was as the wife of a man—one of Mr. B.'s friends, by the way—who had gone out there to marry her. Mr. B. failed at first to see that what was "sauce for the gander was sauce for the goose," but when he consulted his lawyer about it learned that her equal right was based upon the sure foundation of the constitution of the United States, which in Article 4 provides that "full faith and credit shall be given, in each state, to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other state," which was applicably affirmed, in 95 U. S., p. 714, Pennoyer vs. Knapp, in the holding that "a marriage valid under the laws of one state is valid in every state of the Union and wherever the jurisdiction of the United States extends." Mrs. B. No. 1 lives exclusively with her other husband, but her children, if she has any, will be entitled to legally inherit from both her husbands.

It is all a pretty muddle, isn't it? fruit of the crank theory that marriage is so sacred that there shall be no divorce.

JAMES H. CONNELLY.

The Trouble He Set His Foot In.

"What's the matter between you and Johnson?" he queried as they dropped off the car.

"Oh, we don't speak," was the reply.

"Money matters?"

"No."

"Politics or religion?"

"No. You see we were both after the same girl. I drew off and let him marry her, and he has never forgiven me for it."

"Why, he ought to be greatly obliged to you."

"Had he? Well, perhaps. He's had to support her family ever since, and a car load of her relations came in only yesterday. No, I don't expect he will ever forgive me."—Exchange.

Fitted to Become a Lawyer.

Lawyer—And so you really think, Robby, of becoming a lawyer when you grow up?

Robby—Yes; my Uncle James thinks I ought to be a lawyer.

"Does he, indeed? And why does your Uncle James think so—because you are bright and smart?"

"No, sir. Because I ask so many fool questions."—Texas Siftings.

Actor's Deaths.

A thing that strikes one in the Coleman reminiscences, says The Stage, is the tragic end of great tragedians. Edmund Kean exits in the middle of his greatest scene: "Get me off, Charles; I'm dying!" His son led him off, and all is over." G. V. Brooke goes down in the ship London, declining to quit his sister to save himself. "No, thanks, lads, I can't leave my sister. When you get to Melbourne, remember me to the boys.' As they pulled off they saw him leaning over the rail, his bare feet paddling in the rising waters, a sad, sweet smile on his face." Charles Dillon, while laughing and talking in the street, "paused suddenly, put his hand to his head, as he was wont to do in Beverly, and exclaiming, 'God, can this be death?' dropped dead without a groan."

Phelps, who had a superstitious horror of the word "farewell," while acting Wolsey, and actually uttering the ominous words, "Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!" broke down, and the curtain slowly dropped upon him for the last time. Brodsham, the Garrick of the North, having surpassed himself in the part of Lord Townley in "The Provoked Husband," came forward at its close to announce its successor—"Ladies and gentlemen, on Monday evening will be presented the tragedy of 'Coriolanus,' to which will be added" (looking seriously round and placing his hand upon his heart), "what we must all come to," and never spoke again.—The Mirror.

Losing Ideas of Proportion.

An architect riding uptown on the elevated road said to a friend: "One disadvantage æsthetically of the erection of so many high buildings in this city is that the people are losing old ideas of proportion. They can scarcely see the beauty of a building which is not eight or ten stories high. I have heard numbers of people speak of the city hall—an architectural gem—as 'dumpy.' The new Metropolitan museum is, of course, incomplete, but it receives more criticism than it deserves, because every one is disappointed at not finding it several stories higher. If I were to take a New Yorker blindfolded to the front of a building and say, 'Here is a beautiful and imposing structure,' and then take the bandage from his eyes, saying, 'Look at the roof,' his gaze would instinctively be fixed at some point in the air eighty or one hundred feet above the ground. The beauty of a well proportioned building, forty or fifty feet high, is scarcely understood. If every one could spend more time among the palaces and old buildings of Europe, the public taste on this subject would be greatly improved."—New York Tribune.

1889.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

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1889.

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ILLUSTRAT

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An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—Boston Courier.

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It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information and interest.—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

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NOTICE

TO

DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS.

The duplicates of delinquent borough and school taxes have been placed in my hands for collection. I hereby give notice that all taxes must be paid within sixty days from the date of this notice, or execution for the same will be issued with cost. OFFICE: 81 BATH STREET. OFFICE HOURS:—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and every evening.

H. H. SMITH, Collector.

Bristol, Pa., October 1, 1888.

Miscellaneous

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[illegible] action upon the system is unlike any other medical remedy, as it never drives the disease [illegible] Internal Organs. Its properties [illegible] to the diseased part, and [illegible] all [illegible] and corrupt humors [illegible] the respiring vessels to the surface and [illegible] the disease from the system. We warrant it to cure Old Sores, Scrofula Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Persons Nipples, Fever Sores, Chronic Sores, Piles, Sore Eyes, Pimples, Boils, Felons, Corns, Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Chilblains, Frosted Feet and Ulcerations of every description.

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